

DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE.

No. 10.

APRIL.

1861.

THE DOUBLE PROPHECY;

OR,

TRIALS OF THE HEART.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER VI.

CLINTON MAKES INQUIRIES ABOUT MARIA—MARIA MAKES DISCOVERIES NOT ONLY IN HER OWN HEART, BUT, AS SHE THINKS, IN CLINTON'S.

SUCH was the logic with which the profligate wound up his reflections.

Clinton sat down at his table, and began to think; but why was it that he began to think, especially when he found that the subject of his thoughts was the humble girl, Maria Brindsley? This was the very question he put to himself.

"Why," he asked himself, "does the knowledge of that letter sweep over my heart with such a hurricane of passion? What is it, or what ought it to be to me, what becomes of her? why should I love her? I can never make her my wife; and suppose I were placed as Doolittle is, how would I act? But still, those lightning glances at church; so modest and blushing, yet so unconsciously significant. Yes, by heavens! that girl *does* love me, or there is no truth in woman, in the light of God's sun, or in the heart of any human being. This day seems to be the day of her doom; but am I a man, or can I suffer it? Shall I not make an effort to save her from perdition? If she falls, let me have, at least, the consolation of knowing that I left nothing undone to rescue her from the gulf into which I see she is about to precipitate herself. I shall, this very hour, call upon her, and ask to see her; if she refuses me, it is then quite clear that she is hopeless, and that I should blot her out of my memory, and I fear I may add, out of my heart, for ever. Alas! why did I ever see her, and why does it appear that her fate and my happiness should be linked together."

When Miss Travers, Betty McClean, and Maria, reached home, the latter, as usual, repaired to her own room to read, but the others went into the parlour, where there chanced to be no person present, for the purpose of unbosoming themselves to each other, and discussing the cause of Maria's extraordinary emotion in church.

"Well Betty," said Miss Travers, "I think I can give a guess at Mrs. Clinton's anxiety to get Maria out of her own neighbourhood."

"Whatever caused it, I'll stand to it that it was no blame of Maria's," said her staunch friend; "de'il a bit; she's just as proper a girl as ever stepped; so if you're going to say any thing agane her, don't let me hear it;" and she gathered herself for a conflict.

"I am not going to say any thing against her, Betty; it is no harm to fall in love; and it is no harm to blush either. Indeed I remember when I used to blush myself; I could feel it like a heat all over my face, and always did whenever *he* came to visit me—heigh-ho! How full of sorrows and disappointments, calamities, and sudden deaths, this unfortunate world is! Poor dear man, to be snatched away—cut down like a flower—when I had every reason to know that he was about to make a proposal. It was only the evening before, that he borrowed his last loan of five guineas from me, and he said, with a smile and a wink, which there was no misunderstanding, that when he saw me again he would have another request to make, which he hoped I would not refuse. Poor dear Thady, I never saw him, nor did he ever see me again."

There was a strong effort at the pathetic here, but it was a failure, and the pocket-handkerchief which she applied to her eyes came away unmoistened.

"No, it's not a crime to blush, and poor Maria to-day only felt as I always did when I met *him*. He promised that upon our marriage he would give up liquor."

"Well, but about Maria?"

"Why, don't you see it's a clear case that she's fond of Clinton? Don't you recollect how she blushed the other day when I only asked her if she knew him; and with what spirit she defended him? but above all things, did you see her in church to-day? Poor unfortunate girl, of course she's fond of him."

"De'il a doubt of that," replied Betty, "and small blame to her, if she didn't let it get the better of her, which am sure she wont, for she has too much sense."

"Well, at all events we must keep an eye upon her, and prevent her and him from meeting. That Mrs. Clinton had some particular reason for sending her here, and that that reason was in some way connected with her and her son, all the water in the Atlantic wont wash out of me. Still, Betty, I neither say nor insinuate any thing against her. Mrs. Clinton is a woman of honour, but she is also a woman of prudence; and I have no doubt but she acted right in separating them. If Miss Bennet had witnessed what we witnessed this day, there would be no end to it."

"Oh, do you never mind Miss Bennet," replied Betty, "leave *her* to me. As it is, we could do without her. Maria could fill her place rightly."

"Indeed I have often thought of that, Betty; she is quite equal to her in every thing, and in some things superior; for instance, as an accountant, and then I could expect a saving, for Maria would not expect such a liberal salary as I pay Miss Bennet."

"De'il a penny less than Miss Bennet gets ever you'll give her. If she's as well worth it as Miss Bennet—and she's better worth it—why shouldn't she get it? Answer me that?"

"Well, well," replied the proprietress, "we can talk about it afterwards. If our suspicions are correct, there is little doubt but Clinton will be coming after her, and that, you know, would be discreditable to the house."

"Never mind, ma'am, a'd lay my life on her prudence." And thus closed their dialogue.

Clinton felt himself in a state of perfect distraction. To think that such a creature as Maria was, or at least had been, should fall into the licentious grasp of such a vain and outspoken debauchee as Doolittle, drove him to fury, almost to despair. Was it some frightful dream? could such a thing be? Did he not witness her emotion on seeing himself unexpectedly that very day? Yes, and unless she was one of the most accomplished hypocrites that ever existed, he felt from her conduct in church that she loved him. Does hypocrisy blush, he asked himself, as she did. Was there no intelligence in the rapid glance or two which she bestowed him; but yet with such timidity and modesty, as if she felt it was wrong to look at him, and a crime to think of him; yes, precisely as if she knew the distance that separated them. Could that artless, innocent, and most lovely face, be nothing more than a mask for wantonness and hypocrisy? Well, he would endeavour to unravel this mystery—for a mystery it most assuredly was.

In this state of mind he proceeded at a rapid pace to Miss Travers's house, and arrived there a few minutes after the close of the dialogue we have just reported. Becky opened the door when he knocked, and he immediately asked if there was a young woman living there named Brindsley.

"There's a Miss Brindsley here," replied Becky, speaking up for the credit of the establishment; "yes—Miss Brindsley—you are right."

"Would you be good enough to let Miss Brindsley know that a person from her neighbourhood would feel very much favoured by a few minutes' conversation with her. Here is my card; she will then know who I am. Say, she will oblige me very much, as the affair on which I wish to see her is one of the greatest importance to herself."

"Well sir, a'll give yer message; but as you're an officer from the barracks, a know she wont see you. Still a'll deliver yer message."

She was absent for about three or four minutes, when she came down with a corroboration of her own sur-

mise, bearing back his card, which she returned to him.

"A knowed it, sir; de'il a man's coat, either red, black, or blue, she has seen undher this roof since she came here. A think myself it's a Papish nun she ought to be; she sees nobody sir, and that's just the truth, and never goes out unless when Miss Travers and some o' the other girls go wi' her. Lord, a think the poor thing's afraid of her own shadow. She has returned you that bit o' paper, sir," she added, handing him back his card.

"She has refused to see me, then? but what did she say?"

"She said, sir, it would be very imprudent and improper for her to see you, and begged you wouldn't caall here again, as she had made up her mind *not* to see you. She says, it might be the means of injuring her carracter, and she hopes, as you are a gentleman, you wont call a second time, not being aware, she says, of any possible business you can have wi' her."

"Go and tell her again, that it is of the utmost importance to herself that I should see her—that I come as a sincere and honourable friend, anxious to save her from danger, and say that, if she regards her own welfare, she will and ought to see me."

"Lord," replied Becky, with a knowing look, "but you officers are quare men; there's no puttin' you off; well, a'll go up again."

She returned still with a more peremptory refusal.

"She says, sir, she will *not* see you, and that she knows of no business you can have wi' her, and that you ought to know it is wrong for a gentleman in your condition of life to attempt to caall upon an humble girl like her; and she says, wanst for aall, that you need never come, for that she will never see you; and feth she'll keep her word, for she's the very girl that can do that."

"She is lost," thought Clinton, "and the blushes which I this day attributed to another motive, were the blushes of shame and guilt. Great heaven! even so. I shall make another effort."

"Pray, who is the mistress of this establishment?"

"Miss Travers, sir."

"Is she within?"

"She is, sir."

"Would you give her Lieutenant Clinton's compliments—she knows my mother, I think—and say, I shall feel glad if she will favour me with a short interview."

Now, it is necessary to state here, that four female ears were expanded as far, at least, as mere volition could expand them, in drinking in every syllable of the preceding dialogue, and that Miss Travers's heart—for she was an old maid, and consequently a scandal hunter—beat with perfect delight when she heard Clinton's request for an interview with herself. She motioned to Betty to go up stairs, that they might be alone; and the latter said in a whisper,

"Well, but wont you tell me everything—maybe I know more than you think."

Clinton was a gentleman in the best and highest sense

of that much-mistaken word. On entering the parlour, he treated Miss Travers with every mark of respect.

"Miss Travers, I presume?" said he, bowing.

"Yes, sir; and I believe I have the honour of addressing Lieutenant Clinton."

"I am Lieutenant Clinton, madam."

"And your mother, Lieutenant Clinton, has been a kind friend and a liberal patroness to me, sir; and, of course, I am bound to treat every person connected with her, and in whom she feels an interest, with every respect. Pray, be seated, sir."

Mr. Clinton sat down, and proceeded:—"I believe, Miss Travers, you have a very interesting young woman in your establishment, who happens to be from my neighbourhood."

"I have, sir, and I suppose you are aware that she is a *protégée* of your mother's."

"No, I was not aware of that fact; but now that you have mentioned it to me, I feel it an additional justification on my part to hold some confidential conversation with you concerning this young woman."

"It is coming now," thought Miss Travers; "but my handsome young gentleman, don't imagine that you shall make me your agent in any design you may have upon her." In the meantime, she looked at him with a good deal of surprise, and waited until he should state the purport of his visit more distinctly.

"In the first place," said he, "and before I proceed any further in what I am about to say, I beg you to understand, that I am here in the character of a true and honourable friend to this young female; be assured of this, before we proceed another step."

"At the present stage of our conversation, sir," she replied, "I know not what to say to you. You must speak more plainly."

"It is right and proper that I should," said Clinton. "Will you allow me to ask, what has been the conduct of Maria Brindsley since she came under your roof? and whether you have yet had an opportunity of thoroughly understanding her character?"

"Oh now, sir," replied Miss Travers, "you can be understood. Well, then, I shall reply to you. In the first place, her conduct has been without spot or stain—admirable in every point; she is an example of modesty, virtue, and industry to my whole establishment."

"Does she go out much? Is she often from under your eye?"

"No, sir, unless to church, or to walk with myself, she never goes out. Indeed I have often pressed her to take more exercise, and to go out oftener, but she prefers reading and improving herself at home, whenever she has a spare hour, which indeed is very rare, unless upon a Sunday."

Clinton paused, and felt himself very much embarrassed by this account of Maria, delivered, as it was, with all the earnestness and confidence of truth.

"This, Miss Travers, is very strange," said he; "you appear to feel the truth of what you assert respecting her, but might it not be possible that she could combine to deceive you?"

"No," replied Miss Travers, "such a fact is *not* possible; but I really do not understand, although I am very much surprised at, the drift of your questions. What is their object, and upon what grounds do you make them?"

"You now place me, Miss Travers, in a position of great difficulty, as regards myself, and of great delicacy with respect to her. I may be mistaken, and I hope in God I am, and on that account—I mean for that reason—I—I—would not wish to utter a single sentiment calculated to weaken the confidence you place in her, and the respect you seem to entertain for her. Still I fear——"

"Pray, sir, what do you fear?" asked Miss Travers, with a slight breeze of *temper*. "So far as she is concerned, you have nothing to fear upon her account; but really, Lieutenant Clinton, I am very much surprised, indeed, at the warmth of the interest you seem to feel in the conduct of Miss Brindsley. Were you and she acquainted before, may I ask?"

"Never, madam, we never exchanged a syllable; but may I beg to know, if she has expressed a wish to go out *this evening*?"

"Not the slightest."

"Are you quite certain of that fact?"

"No, not quite certain," replied Miss Travers; "the thing *may* be possible, but I have heard nothing of it, and she never goes out alone. If you remain here, however, for a few minutes, I shall soon be able to determine that matter."

"Before you go, Miss Travers, let me say, in order that you may the better understand the subject of your conversation with her, and such replies as she may make to you, that I have very strong reasons for apprehending that great danger may result to her reputation—great danger, Miss Travers, in its *worst* sense—should she go out this evening; and what I fear is, that she is a willing party to——"

"To nothing improper or wrong, sir," replied Miss Travers, with energy; "of that I am satisfied; but really, sir, this is all very mysterious. However, I shall now see her, and, in a few minutes, will let you know the result."

We need not detail the subject of Miss Travers's conversation with Maria, who stated candidly and truly that not the slightest intention of going out that evening had ever entered her mind.

"No, sir," said Miss Travers, on her return to the parlour, "the poor girl has no notion of going out this evening. I found her in tears when I entered her room; and indeed, to tell you the truth, sir, I fear that her heart is not exactly in her own keeping. I suspect as much; and I suspect, besides, that a certain handsome young officer—but I may be wrong—and God forbid that I should render her an injustice."

"What handsome young officer?" asked Clinton, with an earnestness of manner which he could not conceal.

Women, in their management of love, or love affairs, are the originators of more mischief and unhappiness

than could be totted up by Professor Babbage's calculating machine. They will not go directly to the point in question, as they ought to do, but, on the contrary, are certain to give some unlucky twist to the business, which never fails to create mischief. Had the dress-maker at once stated to Clinton that he himself was the handsome young officer to whom she alluded, the matter would have been intelligible. But no, the devil should tempt her to make a female experiment, in order to corroborate her own suspicions respecting Maria and him. Instead, then, of stating the truth, she replied:

"Why, I think there is a Captain Doolittle in your barracks?"

The desperate old stager, however, was right as to the process, and the effect which it produced upon Clinton. A flush of indignation settled upon his countenance, both breath and speech left him, and he sat for nearly a minute incapable of uttering a syllable.

"Doolittle," he replied at length, "my brother officer; but what about him? And why do you ask this question in connexion with *her*? I *must* be answered."

"It is all as I suspected," thought Miss Travers, having now gained her point. Clinton's agitation at this insinuation was such as could not for a moment be mistaken. His face became red with indignation; his voice became hoarse and broken, and altogether his excitement, in spite of every effort on his part to repress it, could not be concealed. Miss Travers read it like the alphabet.

"But I cannot undertake to answer for her," she replied, "nor I will not; I may have my own reasons for not doing so; but, in order that we may understand each other, which, up to this point, we certainly have not, may I request to know distinctly what the object of your present visit is? why you express such an interest in this young woman? and why—but I declare I don't know, after all, why I should ask those questions—if Captain Doolittle seems to be a favourite, how is that any affair of yours?"

"Seems, madam!" replied the other, with a vehemence which he could not restrain, "seems! I swear, it is more than seeming; I could easily satisfy you; but no, I will say nothing that could possibly injure or compromise. Oh no, no, we may be all mistaken. I shall leave you now, madam, but with one request before I go, which is, that you will not suffer this girl to go out during this evening. She is a most beautiful creature; she is from my native parish; she is under the protection of my mother, is she not? she is liable to great temptation in consequence of her extraordinary beauty, and—and—in fact, in truth, I wish to preserve her from danger, and I know that she is encompassed by it. I know—but you will promise me that she shall not go out to-night—you will promise that?"

"My dear Mr. Clinton," she replied, having now completely and thoroughly ascertained her point, "the request you ask is easily granted; she has no intention of going out, and if she had, I would not permit her."

"Will you allow me to call upon you to-morrow?"

"It is not a very prudent thing; on the contrary, it

is a very wrong one, to allow wild young gentlemen, like you, to visit my establishment. If I permit you, perhaps Captain Doo——"

"Don't permit him; he will come here for no good purpose; as for me, I come here to-morrow for an honourable one. May I come?"

"You may; but I must say, that it is upon the conditions that it shall be your last visit to this establishment. You know, Mr. Clinton, I must look to the character and reputation of my house."

"Well, madam, I thank you. I shall call to-morrow; but I do not think that you may apprehend the trouble of any further visits from me, unless, indeed—that is—unless my mother should entrust me with some commands to you. In that case——"

"In that case, Mr. Clinton, I shall be always happy to see you; but will thank you to make, on such occasions, as few inquiries about Miss Brindsley as possible."

She stretched out her forefinger, by way of warning, with a good-humoured but significant smile; to which smile he could not at the moment respond; and with this last intimation that she rather understood him, he arose, and with much respect, and still more agitation, took his departure.

It would be an impossible task to describe the tumult of his mind on his way home. He was completely abstracted from external life. He saw nothing, he observed nobody—or if he looked angrily in the face of an individual, it was without any consciousness that he did so. His passions were actually in a state of tempest. He cursed Doolittle, whom he resolved to bring to an account, should he ascertain him to have injured Maria, either in reputation or person. He also cursed Miss Travers for having left him in such an equivocal and uncertain state of feeling with respect to her; nor could he restrain his indignation against Maria herself, in consequence of her supposed attachment to his rival.

"I know I am a d—d fool," he said, "or I should give myself no concern about the paltry wench. Her letter to Doolittle stated nothing but the fact, and she is not worth a single thought—and yet—heavens! this uncertainty is intolerable. I wish I could extract the absolute truth out of any one of them; but unless I myself discover it by some ingenious effort, the thing will be impossible. Doolittle, I know to be a liar and a braggart, where women are concerned, and that any assertion of his upon such a subject, could no more be depended on than a cobweb. As it is, I must only wait until to-morrow. By that time, I shall ascertain whether she has gone out this evening—that is to say, should Miss Travers tell me the truth, which is a fact very much to be doubted. However, we shall see, or at least try and see."

We have said that when Miss Travers came down stairs after her interview with Maria, she found her in tears. This was true, and it would require a much more profound analyst of the female heart than we are, either to describe or disentangle the conflicting principles from which her emotions, on that occasion, pro-

ceeded. That in her simplicity of heart she had endeavoured to impose upon herself by a belief that the sentiments which she felt for Clinton were not love, is a fact which involves a delusion, into which many a young creature like herself has fallen. Now, however, after having seen him unexpectedly in the church, the reality stood out clear and distinct before her, and could no longer admit of question. There was, however, a still stronger element of—what shall we say?—pleasure or distrust? in her young and inexperienced spirit. No, but of both combined. She felt it as an impression which she could not shake off—and which, by the way, she did not attempt to shake off—that humble as she was, and unworthy of his affection, Clinton loved her. She measured the investigation of that fact by her own emotions in church, and, above all, by the few glances that passed between them. From this proceeded her distress. Was that love honourable? Such a supposition was not to be entertained. Even granting that it was, the idea of yielding to it was not for a moment to be thought of. She could never be his wife without inflicting disgrace and dishonour upon him among his equals, and of this she never could suffer herself to become the instrument. Then if his love was not honourable—as how was it possible to be so—for a girl in her condition of life?—with what then could she console herself for the love which she bore him? View it as she might, it involved either infamy on herself or disgrace on him, and to neither of those distressing alternatives could she think for a moment of lending herself.

All those sensations and reflections, however, were precipitated on discovering that he had called upon her, and sent up his card. She took the card in her white and trembling hands, looked on it for a moment, and then returned it, with the messages by the servant which we have already detailed. Until this minute she had been thinking much and deeply, but shed not a tear. Now, however, that she knew he was in the house, under the same roof with her, and felt that the visit was made on her account, she could no longer restrain her feelings. Notwithstanding the strength of the conflict which was going on within her heart, she experienced a sense of rapturous pleasure, which fairly overcame her; her head swam, her bosom panted, and she would probably have fainted had she not been relieved by tears. She wept bitterly, and in this tumultuous state of feeling it was that Miss Travers found her.

One little anecdote we must mention here. When she deemed it near the time of his departure, she stole out to the lobby, with the hope of hearing his voice before he went. She had never yet heard it, and on this occasion she did not—a circumstance which filled her with disappointment, and caused her heart to sink in sadness and regret.

He was no sooner gone, than Betty M'Cleane made her appearance in the parlour, with her female principle of curiosity set to the sharpest possible edge.

"Well, ma'am," said she, "remember you promised to tell me everything. What did he say? Of course,

all his talk was about her; but you know yourself there can be no doubt of that—he's in love wi' her."

Now, we have said that Betty and Miss Travers had been in the habit of indulging in many a conflict from time to time, and that Betty had constituted herself the championess of Maria against all comers. This was a point of character which Miss Travers did not relish. She herself treated Maria with great kindness, and did not wish that any portion of the credit due to her for it, should be carried off by another. Independently of this, she thought that there would be a want of dignity on her part, should she not be considered competent to aid and assist Maria in any possible difficulty without the intervention of a third person. There was, however, to confess the truth on behalf of this lovelorn and disappointed old maid, a considerable remnant still left of her former vanity, and when she reflected that Betty had been in the habit of amusing herself and her companions by indulging in tolerably strong ridicule against her affair with the unfortunate Thady M'Scent, she came to the resolution, not only of keeping her out of the secret for which she was so ripe and eager an auditor, but to give the visit in question a turn altogether different from what honest Betty expected, and which might, besides, enable her to inspire her with that feeling of respect for herself, in which the blunt workwoman was so notoriously and sometimes so painfully deficient. The devil of vanity, therefore, set to work in her old brain, and instead of disclosing the truthful purport of her dialogue with Clinton, she chose to substitute a fictitious one of her own. It is well for those who represent human life and character in books, that such principles exist in them, otherwise they should experience much difficulty in giving complicity to their plots, and, indeed, find the path of fiction a barren one.

"No, deil a doubt can be about it," continued Betty; "he's over head and ears in love wi' her, and she wi' him, or what would bring him here?"

"Betty," said Miss Travers, assuming a very self-complacent air, "I have often observed that you are very deficient in a knowledge of life, especially as it is to be met among gentlemen, but above all, among military officers, and, indeed, officers of every description appointed under his majesty. Why should you imagine, for instance, that Lieutenant Clinton had no other motive for calling here than a wish to see that young and very inexperienced girl, Maria Brindsley?"

"Why, it was her he called for; and am sure that's enough."

"You are sure! no, you are not sure, nor you ought not to be sure of any such thing. You do not know the arts of men, Betty, especially when they happen to take a fancy to, or to be struck by the stately and handsome appearance of certain females. I remember well, like yesterday, that when poor Thady came to visit me in Dublin, it was for another he inquired. I happened to hear the inquiry, and I went down stairs, and when he saw me, he started."

" 'I believe, sir,' said I, 'there is a mistake here.'

" 'On which side, my darling?' said he.

" 'On yours, sir,' I replied. 'I think you expected to see another lady.'

" 'Devil a bit,' said he; 'I expected to see nobody but yourself. And if I sent for her, it was only that she might give me every necessary information about you. You don't know what I have suffered on your account,' he continued, 'for the last fortnight. I searched all Dublin, up and down, north and south, right and left, for you, and as I'm a gauger and a gentleman, it was my intention, if I hadn't found you, to have put you in the *Hue-and-Cry*; and so, Betty, that was the way our intimacy commenced.'

" 'But what brought Mr. Clinton here, then, if he didn't come after her?'

" 'Betty, I will thank you not to press me with perplexing questions—questions that, perhaps, are too delicate for me to answer. All I can say is, that we had very little conversation about Maria Brindsley; but I do not think it will be a proper thing in me to sit in that pew again.'

" 'Why so?'

" 'I shouldn't wish to seem to give encouragement, Betty.'

" 'Why, do you mean to tell me that it was on your own account he came?'

" 'I mean to tell you nothing, Betty, because I feel that, at this stage of the business, it might be imprudent; but I know I am called upon to act a difficult part. Of course, I am but a young woman still, Betty, I may say, in the ripest bloom of my life, and—ahem!'

" 'Faith,' replied Betty, 'you've hit it there; ripe enough you are, and he's been this many a long day—a nice winter apple on our hands. Lord, Miss Travers! don't make a fool of yourself; or if you do, don't think to make one o' me. The truth is, you don't wish to let me know the conversation that passed between you and him; but if you won't, you won't, that's all; keep your secret, and a'll keep mine. You! Lord, Lord, and such a girl as you above stairs. Don't be saft, a say, and, above all things, don't imagine that in comin' here he ever thought of you. If he told you so, take my word he's only making a cat's-paw of you, and a purty sharp one you can be when you like. So, then, you keep me out of the secret?'

" 'Why, indeed, Betty, there's no secret; ahem! that is, none I could disclose with anything like delicacy—none, certainly, so far as Maria is concerned, and that for the present is the only disclosure I can make, or the only one that would become me.'

" 'Very well,' replied Betty, 'mind, a put you on your guard against this Lieutenant Clinton. Take my word for it, in comin' here it isn't you he's after; but keep your secret, maybe a'll open your eyes for you yet. A don't care who neglects Maria, but a'll have a guard over her.'

Whether our foibles or errors are turned to account by Providence, it is difficult, if not impossible to determine, but on this occasion we may fairly conjecture that

if Miss Travers had unbosomed herself to Betty, the latter would at once, we doubt not, have communicated the discoveries she had made with respect to the conduct and motives of Miss Bennet, and thus have saved poor Maria from much suffering and anguish of heart.

In the meantime, Miss Bennet, who was playing a double game, managed her cards so dexterously, that she contrived, as she thought, to slip out in the course of the evening without being noticed by any one in the house. Whether she was mistaken in this or otherwise, we are not now about to inform the reader. All we shall say on the subject is, that Betty, with motives equally secret, certainly disappeared immediately after her, and it was not until the hour of tea arrived that the absence of either of them was noticed. It is not, however, our intention to trace either one or other of them at present. At a pretty late hour Miss Bennet returned, and in a short time afterwards Betty also made her appearance. As for poor Maria, she had been long in bed, but by no means disposed to sleep. The occurrences of that day had banished all rest from her pillow. She never felt her danger until now, when the great secret of her heart stood revealed before her; but the conclusion she came to was—never to make a false step, never to place herself within the reach of temptation, and to practise, in its severest spirit, that great safeguard of female purity and honour—the principle of self-denial in all circumstances where moral danger lay before her.

CHAPTER VII.

DOOLITTLE'S TRIUMPH—INTERVIEW BETWEEN CLINTON AND MARIA—JEALOUSY AND MISCONSTRUCTION.

THE next day, of course, was Monday. After breakfast Doolittle entered Clinton's room, with his usual boisterous and braggadocio manner.

"Well, Dooly," said Clinton, with unusual coolness and gravity, "you have been successful, I presume?"

"I always am, my dear fellow; never failed in a single instance during my short but brilliant career. Crown me with laurels, my boy. You understand me?"

"No I do not; who was the lady?"

"Say the happy fair, you villain. Why, confound it, you look like Socrates after he had taken his hemlock. Why the devil don't you pull up the lugubrious corners of your mouth, and congratulate me? *Veni, vidi, vici*; but I suppose you don't know Latin, as very little of it goes far with us military heroes. Hold up your head, man, I say, and offer your congratulations."

"I will when I know the name of the lady, not otherwise."

"Why, did you not see her letter?"

"You mean Miss Brindsley, as we say?"

"Did you not see her letter, I repeat? and in spite of all the vigilance that was brought to bear upon her motions, the fair hand that wrote that letter contrived

to open the door unperceived, and hold, like a faithful girl, firm and true to her engagement. D—n it, don't look so blue upon it. I see the corners of your mouth down again. Don't feel mortified, my dear fellow; you know that in such a contest you have no chance with me. Gad, she gave them the slip."

"Doolittle, carry your triumph elsewhere. It is the boast of a profligate. I will thank you to withdraw. I have letters to write."

"Jealous, by all that's successful! But upon my soul, I do not wonder at it. Faith, I even pity you, for I know it is a hard case to have that good-looking, handsome nose of yours thrust out of joint, with a hop, step, and jump. I say, Clinton, where are your razors? by all that's desperate, I do not think it safe to leave them with you. D—n it, an inquest! That would never do for *you*, but would cover me with the glory of victory. Or what do you say of my double hint before?—the Bible or the bottle? Good-bye, good-bye!"

Now, as Clinton had never heard the name of the wretch who was, at this period of our narrative, striving to involve poor Maria in all the infamy which was justly attributable to her own licentious and unprincipled conduct—as he could not even dream of her existence, or imagine that such a malignant being in the shape of woman was plotting the utter destruction of her character—what inference could he draw but that Maria had concealed her determination to go out on the preceding evening from Miss Travers, and succeed in privately escaping from them, to keep her engagement with Doolittle? He had now no doubt whatsoever of her guilt, but, nevertheless, he would give her a last chance, or, in other words, he would call according to his promise, and endeavour to ascertain whether she had gone out or not. If he could satisfy himself that she remained at home, then Doolittle was a liar and a scoundrel, but if not, why, he would propose a different course for himself with respect to her.

"But, perhaps," thought he, "this woman Travers is in Doolittle's interest, and will not tell me the truth. Doolittle is rich and extravagant, and may have bribed her. I am rich enough myself, and have more money than I know what to do with; but in order to gain my purpose, I shall assail her vanity, compliment her on her beauty, and lead her to suppose that I am not indifferent to herself. The devil's in it if, through these means, I will not get out of her the information I want."

Now, it so happened, on the other hand, that Miss Travers began to think over the exceedingly pure specimen of fiction which she had delivered to Betty McClean, and felt a kind of vague, distant wish that it were true. She had never seen so handsome a young officer as Clinton was, nor so perfect a gentleman. She knew, or at least she imagined, that she herself was not without attractions, and she wanted no ghost to tell her that Clinton was a mere youth, and that she might, by a little play and coquetry on her part, produce an impression on him. For one woman that reasons on matters of love, ten thousand never think of it. Miss Travers,

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now, only lived upon the recollection of her affair with Thady the gauger, which became tolerably threadbare from frequent repetition, and she had then reached that age when females in her condition of life are on a sharp lookout either for a marriage, if possible, or a *liaison* of some kind, which may redeem them from having fallen, in the course of years, into the category of neglect. It was, on her part, the last expiring effort at female influence. With those feelings and reflections on both sides, and each equally prepared to play their parts, Clinton and Miss Travers met. The latter now felt that it was her object to keep alive the jealousy which she saw existed in Clinton against Doolittle, for that, she calculated, would withdraw his affections from Maria, and in this she reasoned with the accuracy peculiar to woman on such occasions.

When Clinton arrived, he was shown into the parlour, and informed that Miss Travers would see him in a few minutes. He amused himself by looking about the room, and saw, hanging over the chimney-piece, two portraits cut out of black paper—one of which bore traces of Miss Travers herself, and the other, of some man of athletic dimensions, with strong Milesian features, strengthened considerably in their character by a very sensual mouth, and a decidedly saddle nose. There appeared to be an expression of broad Irish fun and comic irony on the gentleman's face, which could not be mistaken. Whilst he was contemplating these two portraits, the lady entered, with more than ordinary care and attention. On this occasion she had called up the utmost degree of serenity into her countenance, which, indeed, was beaming with smiles, and the moment she came into the room, she dropped him her best and most fascinating curtsy. Clinton replied by his most respectful bow, and immediately took the liberty of shaking hands with her, taking, at the same time, the additional liberty of giving hers a gentle squeeze: but judge of his consternation, when he felt the pressure returned with interest. He knew, indeed, that the experiment he ventured upon was a fearful one, in case the good lady should become vicious, and fasten upon him with all the desperate energy of an old maid. As his object, however, was to make her vanity subservient to his own purposes, he began, on second thoughts, to feel rather gratified than otherwise at the significant hint she had given him.

"Well, Mr. Clinton," said she, with a smile that had a world of meaning in it, "is your interest in Miss Brindley as strong as ever?"

"Why, indeed, to tell you the truth, Miss Travers, I fear that I misrepresented myself yesterday upon that subject. This I mention as a kind of little secret between us."

"You flatter me, Mr. Clinton, by sharing any little secret with such an uninteresting person as I am."

"Uninteresting! I beg your pardon, you must leave that to be determined by others, that is, by the gentlemen, Miss Travers."

"Ah, sir, that is mere politeness; you would feel yourself bound, I fear, to pay the same compliment to

any other woman; but, pray, what is the little secret you allude to?"

"Perhaps, after all," replied Clinton, "I should not call it a secret; it is only this, that the interest I said I felt in Miss Brindsley, was nothing more than a matter of strong curiosity on my part. As to the charge, however, which you make against me of paying the same compliment, as you improperly call it, to any *other* woman that I have paid to *you*, you do me injustice. I certainly do not feel the same interest, or rather, the same curiosity, in Miss Brindsley to-day that I did yesterday."

Here he ogled Miss Travers, and fabricated a gentle sigh; whilst she, on the other hand, looked down with confusion, and made a desperate but unsuccessful effort at a blush. Suspecting, however, that the blush was an invisible one, she had nothing else for it than to sigh back to him, and cancel the obligation of the ogle by immediately returning it in kind.

"Egad!" thought Clinton, "this is beginning to grow serious; but, unless I cajole her a little longer, I fear she will shut up, and frustrate my object after all."

"Miss Brindsley," he went on, "is certainly *rather* handsome, but she's not precisely of that style of beauty which I like. She would be, for instance, much too young for my taste. I prefer waiting until all the personal charms are fully developed, which they never are until between thirty or thirty-five."

Now, we say, that Clinton deserved to have been kicked out of the room, for wilfully and wantonly placing the unfortunate sempstress in such an awful fix. The pillory would have been paradise to it. It was, in fact, planting her in a cruel, but most ludicrous dilemma. For how, we ask, could she appropriate the application of the young man's taste to herself without admitting her age—an admission which, since the creation of woman, was never yet made by one of her class. Upon that subject, however, all old maids are invincible, as will immediately appear.

"Bless me, Mr. Clinton," she replied, "what a strange taste you have! Thirty! Thirty-five! Monstrous! especially in so handsome a young man as you are. Could you not confine yourself to twenty-five or twenty-six. Why, I fancy, I will be quite an old woman at thirty!"

"Well, but you know Miss Travers, there's a long stretch between you and thirty yet; but, by the way, I have been looking at those two portraits," he added, rising up, and going to the chimney-piece. "One of them certainly is yours. They appear to be but a short time done. Who the devil, however, is this ogre who hangs opposite, and seems to be gibing you across the space between you? Upon my honour, I felt strongly inclined to take him down, and throw the ill-looking scoundrel into the fire. What right have beauty and deformity to be set thus face to face?"

"My dear sir," she replied, "I can explain all that. The female portrait is that of my dear mother, and the other, is that of a half-brother of hers—a brave man, who fell in the service of his majesty."

"Oh, that explains it all; your mother must have been a young woman when that profile was taken; not more than forty, I should think?"

"Only thirty-six, I believe," replied the lady, with a wince that shot through her like a spasm of cholera.

Woe betide the man who, whether consciously or not, wounds the vanity of a woman. She may seem to pass it by, to overlook it, to let it glide out of her memory; but so long as that vanity exists, which is only until her last gasp, she will not only never forgive him, but never rest until she has her revenge. Poor Clinton, for instance, was ignorant of the torture he was inflicting upon the unfortunate old maid—and she knew he was—even that reflection could not save him. *He* had inflicted the *pain* on *her*, and it was now *her* business to inflict the *penalty* on *him*. Both, somehow, were travelling out of the record, and Clinton felt this; he was making little way, in fact no progress at all, in the object of his visit.

"Oh, by the bye, Miss Travers," said he, with a peculiar smile at her, "you are putting everything else except yourself out of my head,—what the deuce is this I came here for? Pray what was it, Miss Travers?"

"How can you expect me, Mr. Clinton, to be able to answer such a question?"

"Because the reason I ask is, that the absurd nonsense I uttered yesterday has completely left my head. I deserve it, however; I had no business to come here under false colours."

"It appeared to me, Sir," she replied, and this was an experiment, "that we owe the honour of your visit to something concerning Miss Brindsley—something, if I guess rightly, in which she and Captain Doolittle are involved."

"Deuce take you, Miss Travers, I remember now; yes—oh no, Doolittle was not concerned in the matter at all,—yes, you promised to let me learn if she should go out yesterday evening."

"Well, I really don't think she did; but I know I wish Captain Doolittle was anywhere but in this town, poor foolish girl!"

"But could she have gone out without your knowledge, Miss Travers?"

"Well, I think not. It certainly was my intention to have kept my eye on her movements; but to tell you the truth, Mr. Clinton,—and here she glanced at him, then dropped her eyes and sighed—"to tell you the truth, I felt considerably disturbed yesterday evening; I wished to be alone; I felt somewhat uneasy, if not unhappy, and went to bed. Besides, I do not wish to become a spy upon my girls: they are all proper and well-conducted young women, and on that account I don't think I have any right to turn my establishment into a prison.—No, I don't think she was out yesterday evening, although she might have been, as I was in bed."

"By the way, does Doolittle ever come here, Miss Travers?"

"No, Sir. Mr. Doolittle, I understand, is a very—"

ahem—indeed they say he is cunning; but as for gaining admission here, there is only *one* individual belonging to your regiment who will have that privilege—I mean yourself, Mr. Clinton; but pardon me, I know I am very wrong—very foolish, indeed, sometimes almost to weakness, when a person becomes a favourite, which is a very rare case with me; but if you will call to-morrow, I shall be able to let you know whether she was out yesterday evening or not.”

“I do not think I shall be able to call to-morrow,” he replied, “but if I do, or whenever I may call, it will not be on *her* account.” This was said as if more was meant than met the ear. He then rose to depart, and once more took Miss Travers’s hand in his.

“Mr. Clinton,” said she, “one word with you before you go.”

Heavens above, thought he, what is coming next?

They still held each other’s hands, at least she was determined not to let him go until he should hear her. Oh! woman, woman! how seldom you think or act except through your vanity or your passions.

“Mr. Clinton,” said she, “I have heard much of this Captain Doolittle, and I would make it a personal favour—here she gave a gentle squeeze—“that is, if my word or wish could have any influence with you”—here he returned the pressure—“not to imitate his example in a certain line of conduct. He has a terrible—an awful character among the ladies. Now, I am anxious that you should not follow his footsteps; indeed, I wish not only for your sake but for that of others, that he was anywhere but in this town,—poor girl, how I tremble for her!”

“You mean Miss Brindsley,” said he, with an agitation which was on the very point of exploding.

“No,” she replied, with a negative which was ten times worse than a direct admission, “no, no, I do not. Don’t suppose or suspect such a thing; it is another young woman of the establishment, I mean. I wish I had not said this; no, I would not injure her by a harsh word; she is under your mother’s patronage, and that is the reason why I am so anxious to prevent her from anything like folly; for you know, Mr. Clinton, she is very young and quite inexperienced. However, I shall have more particular intelligence for you in a day or two. When may we expect the pleasure of seeing you again?”

“Very soon I hope; but mark me, Miss Travers,” he replied, with an energy that startled her, “when I do come, I assure you, it will not be on *her* account.”

His eye gleamed, his fine face became flushed, and in the bitterness and vehement indignation of his heart, he unconsciously squeezed her hand until she was almost forced to cry out with pain. The heroism of woman however, on such occasions, is astonishing. She not only did not cry out, but she gave him, with one hand spread over her face, which was bent, but delicately turned away, such a devil of a grasp in return, as brought him at once to his senses, and made him literally glad to get out of her clutches.

It is difficult—it is impossible to know the human

heart, or even to dream of its action under the various and unforeseen impulses which may agitate it. Murders have been committed under circumstances which never had been expected to occur, by persons of dispositions so mild, so gentle, and so humane, that their perpetration has coloured the whole preceding life of the individuals who committed them, with the black shadow of hypocrisy and concealed guilt. Nay, we question whether there is any man living who, if precipitated by a peculiar series of circumstances into a position beyond the power of human endurance, might not be tempted to commit a murder. “We know what we are,” and that is *false*; but “we know not what we may be,” and that is *true*.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE MAGUIRES.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

THE famous and truly Irish family of Maguire, the chiefs of Fermanagh since the year 1302, derive their name and descent from Odhar, the eleventh in descent from Colla-da-chrich, great-grandson of Cormac Mac Art, monarch of Ireland about the middle of the third century. The first of the name who became chief Lord or prince of Fermanagh was Donn Carragh Maguire, who died in the year 1302. Previously to this period, the chiefs of Fermanagh had been elected from the septs of O'Duudara, O'Hegny, and O'Mulrony, families who have long since either become extinct or sunk into poverty and obscurity. The Sil-Uidhir, or race of Odhar, who, after the establishment of family names took the name of Mag-Uidhir (the *c* of the Mac being changed to *g* before a vowel), descends from Odhar, who flourished about the year 1150.

The territory of Fermanagh is described in old Irish MSS. as extending from the stream of Finglas, near Clones to Leac-na n-arm, and from Cara-Leadna to Ballyshannon, and as consisting of seven cantreds, which nearly correspond with the modern baronies. These cantreds were ruled over by petty chieftains who were all tributary to Maguire. These were—1. Lurg, the territory of the O'Muldoons; 2. Tooraah, the cantred of the O'Flanagans, comprised in the present barony of Magheraboy; 3. Muintir-Phéodachain, the territory of Mac Gillafinen (now made Linden and Leonard), comprised in the barony of Clanawley; 4. Claukelly, the cantred of Mac Donnell; 5. Tirkennedy, the territory of Magunshinan; 6. Magherastephena and Cuil-na-noirear, now the barony of Coole, the territory of O'Mulrony and O'Cassidy, the latter of whom was chief physician to Maguire. Besides these families who ranked as chieftains, there were many others called termoners and herenachs, who held church-lands, and whose names and lands are described in the Fermanagh Inquisitions and Irish MSS.; but to enumerate them here, and to point out the very strange names* which these families

* *Old names.*—Almost all the former families of Fermanagh have two names—a country name and a town name

have chosen for themselves in modern times, would exceed the limits of this paper, in which the history of the chiefs of Fermanagh only is intended to be glanced at.

The grand characteristic feature of this territory is Lough Erne, which extends forty miles from south-east to north-west, forming in reality two lakes, both studded with islands, embayed by mountains, and connected by a deep and winding strait, on an island in the centre of which stands the town of Enniskillen. The only river of any consequence is the Erne, which enters the territory a short distance from Belturbet, and flows into Lough Erne at its southern extremity, and escaping from it at its northern end, rolls into the bay of Donegal, tumbling over rocks in two noisy cataracts, one at Belleek, the other at Assaroe, at the town of Ballyshannon. This river and its lakes formed the chief high road through Fermanagh in ancient times; and we are told in an old Irish description of the territory, that when Maguire had collected his tributaries in the districts north of Lough Erne, "he embarked in one of the vessels of his fleet, and sailed up to Galloon, where he kept a house of general hospitality for a month, while collecting the tributes of the southern districts."

Fermanagh was converted into shire ground in the eleventh year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Cuccaught, fourteenth in descent from Odhar, was chieftain; and when the Lord Deputy sent to inform him that a sheriff was about to be appointed over his territory, Maguire's answer was: "Your sheriff shall be welcome to me, but let me know his *Ericke*, or the price of his head beforehand: that if my people cut it off, I may cut the *Ericke* upon the country." Afterwards, in the year 1592, a creature of the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam, who had ventured to exercise the office of sheriff in Fermanagh, proceeded, in the usual

—thus, Mac Scullog in the country is called Farmer in the town; O'Luinin is called Linnegar; Mac Gillafinnen becomes Leonard; O'Muldoon becomes Meldon; Magunshinan becomes Gilson; O'Drum becomes Drummond; Mac Gillacuskey becomes Cosgrove, and sometimes Costello; O'Howen becomes Owens; Mac Gailghile becomes Lilly. However, the O'Flanagans of Tooraa, the Mac Donnells of Clankelly, the O'Meehans and O'Caseys of Devenish, the Magraths of Termon-Magrath, the O'Cassidys of Coole, the O'Corrigan of Magherameelagh, and the O'Quigleys of Cloontivrin, have preserved their ancient names unaltered, with this exception, that they have all rejected the O. It is a very strange fact, that the prefix O has been dropped in every instance and the Mac retained. This national antipathy to, or fear of the O, is a phenomenon which has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for.

* Davies's True Discovery, &c., p. 665, of Thom's edition.

† Captain Willis was made sheriff of Fermanagh, in despite of Maguire, who had given the lord deputy three hundred cows to free his country from a sheriff. Fynes Moryson states that "captain Willis had for his guard one hundred men, and did lead about some one hundred women and boys, all which lived on the spoil of the country, and hence that Maguire, taking his advantage, set upon them, and drove them into a church, where he would have put them all to the sword, if the earl of Tyrone had not interposed his authority."—Moryson, vol. i., p. 88. (See also O'Sullivan Bear's Hist. Cathol., fol. 126.)

way, to spoil and oppress the inhabitants with a rapacious train of followers, and Maguire was so provoked, that he rose up in arms, and was actually on the point of cutting off the sheriff with all his attendants, when the earl of Tyrone (who was loyal to the English at this time), interposed, and prevailed on Maguire to allow them to depart in peace.‡

In 1593, in revenge for this daring act, the Lord Deputy proclaimed Maguire a traitor; but the latter, not discouraged by this proclamation, invaded Connaught in the July of this year, and plundered the adherents of the English government; but Sir Richard Bingham, governor of that province, opposed him, and skirmished with him at the castle of Tulsk, where he slew the Primate Magauran, who had lately arrived from Spain, and happened to be with Maguire on this occasion. Maguire, however, carried off the spoils of this district in triumph to Fermanagh, Bingham not having sufficient forces to prevent him.

In the autumn following, the Lord Deputy mustered the forces of Meath, Leinster, and Munster, and the governor of Connaught assembled those of Connaught, then including Thomond, and both parties directed their march to Lough Erne. In this great hosting, the celebrated Hugh, earl of Tyrone, fought on the English side, under the command of Marshal Bagnal, but his own writers state that "it was not pleasing to him to go on this expedition," but that "he obeyed the English through fear." Maguire attempted to intercept their passage across the river Erne, at the ford of Culain, near Belleek, but in vain, his forces being too few, were cut off with great slaughter. The Earl of Tyrone, who fought bravely against the Irish, was wounded in the thigh on this occasion. Bingham, with the forces of Connaught, and the earl of Thomond with his own men, joined them at the other side of the Erne. The Marshal and the earl of Tyrone then returned homewards, plundering the country as they passed along. They left companies of soldiers in Fermanagh to assist "the English Maguire;" namely, Conor Oge, son of Conor Roe, who was unquestionably the senior of the family, and who was set up in opposition to Hugh, son of Cuccaught, commonly called "the Irish Maguire."

This Conor Oge, who was also called Conor Roe, or Cornelius Rufus, was knighted by Sir John Perrott on the 15th of May, 1585, and in 1608 obtained a general pardon from the king. After the confiscation of Ulster, in the tenth year of the reign of James I., he received a re-grant of 6,480 acres of land in Fermanagh, paying to the king a yearly rent of twenty pounds sterling. Also, a pension of two hundred pounds English during life, and fifty pounds a year to his son and heir, Brian, for life, to commence immediately after the death of the said Connor (Pat. Roll., 10 Jac. I., 27th May).

His son, Sir Bernard, alias Brian Maguire, was also knighted, and created baron of Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh, by Privy Seal, dated at Westminster, 21st

‡ Leland, book iv., ch. 4.

January, 1627, and by patent at Dublin, 3rd March, 1627. This Brian, the first baron of Enniskillen, who was certainly the head of the senior branch of the Maguires, married the sister of General Owen O'Neill, and had by her two sons, Connor and Rory. He was living in 1631, when the *Leabhar Gabhala*, or Book of Conquests, was compiled by the O'Clerys and O'Luinin, Maguire's chief chronicler, under his patronage, in the convent of Lisgool, near Enniskillen. He lived a loyal subject all his life, and died in 1626. But his eldest son Connor, second baron of Enniskillen, his second son, Rory or Roger, and the celebrated Rory O'More, were the prime movers of the insurrection of 1641. It is stated by the cotemporary writers, that this Irish lord, who had retained but a small remnant of the estates of his ancestors, was overwhelmed with debts, and that he longed for a revolution; but as his father had been loyal all his life, no suspicion of disloyalty attached to him or any of his family, who were known in the country as "the English Maguires," until his treason became unmistakable.

At the time of Strafford's execution, an impression was spread abroad that the native Irish meditated some wide scheme of vengeance. The English talked of plots among the Irish, while the Irish feared the designs of the English settlers, and both, when it served their purpose, spread reports of wicked designs, believed to be harboured by the friends of the lately-executed earl of Strafford. It was reported that some dependents of the earl intended to destroy the whole Irish parliament by means of a large quantity of gunpowder, which, it was reported, they had lodged for this purpose under the parliament house. After a careful search in the neighbourhood of the apartments occupied by the Irish parliament, in the castle of Dublin, no gunpowder was discovered, and the committee was inclined to drop the subject. But the Lord Maguire, who was at the head of this committee, "an ambitious nobleman, who exercised considerable influence over the native Irish, and was for reasons recently discovered the object of suspicions," stated that he was not yet satisfied, and showed an extraordinary solicitude to be made acquainted with the situation and circumstances of the government stores; but Sir John Borlase gave him a peremptory denial, observing to him, that "the stores were his majesty's precious jewels, not to be exposed without special cause." At this time, however, no one suspected that Maguire's request had any connexion with a conspiracy to seize the stores; but the events which followed in a few months showed clearly the object which this Irish nobleman had in view. He was the very first of the Ulster chiefs who joined Rory O'More in the great conspiracy of 1641; but when their plot of seizing on Dublin castle was betrayed by Owen O'Connolly, he was taken prisoner and sent to the Tower of London, so that he does not figure in the stirring scenes of this great rising; but his brother, Rory Maguire, took the leadership of the great sept of Fermanagh, and acted a very conspicuous part in the military operations of the Irish. He was slain in battle at Carrick-on-Shannon

in 1643, leaving by his wife, who was of the Hassett family, a son, Roger, who was called baron of Enniskillen, in 1688.

Conor, baron of Enniskillen, wrote, with his own hand, while confined in the Tower of London, a relation or confession of the intended plot of seizing the castle of Dublin, and of recovering their ancient estates, which relation the curious reader may see in Warner's "History of the Irish Rebellion," Appendix, p. 9. He also wrote, with his own hand, the day before his execution at Whitehall, his last Will and Testament, which the writer of this paper perused at Enniskillen in the year 1834. It was then in the possession of Mr. Thomas Maguire, a hardware merchant in Enniskillen, who refused to allow him to copy it, from an idea that it would lessen the value of it. This Thomas was locally styled the baron, and was believed to deduce his descent from Rory, the brother of the baron of Enniskillen.

Conor, the second baron, had a son Conor, third baron, who had a son who succeeded as fourth baron, but died without issue, when Roger, the son of Roger, the brother of the second baron, succeeded as titular Baron of Enniskillen. In the reign of James II., this fifth baron, who was the head of the "English Maguires," was made lord lieutenant of the county of Fermanagh by King James II., and had for his deputy-lieutenant Cuconnaught, or Constantine Maguire, of Tempo, Esq., head of the "Irish Maguires," and who was high sheriff of Fermanagh in 1686. At the Revolution, as we are informed by De Burgo, in his *Hibernia Dominicana*, p. 332, note, H, the fifth baron of Enniskillen was a captain in the infantry regiment of Alexander Mac Donnell, third earl of Antrim. Both he and Maguire of Tempo levied each a regiment for King James, and both were at the battle of Aughrim. After the treaty of Limerick, the fifth baron of Enniskillen accompanied the Irish army to France, and having no regiment there, resided at St. Germain-en-Laye, where he died, without issue, in October, 1708, aged 67 years, so that he was born in the eventful year of 1641. He was succeeded by his brother Philip, as sixth baron of Enniskillen, who married the daughter of Sir Phelim O'Neill, and sister of Colonel Gordon O'Neill, and had by her a son Theophilus, seventh baron of Enniskillen. He married Margaret O'Donnell, by whom he had Alexander, who was eighth baron of Enniskillen, and was an officer in the Irish brigades about the middle of the last century—a captain in the regiment of Bulkeley. The last baron of Enniskillen of the name of Maguire in the French service, was pensioned as a retired captain* of the regiment of Lally, at the commencement of the French Revolution in 1789.

It is highly probable that this, which was certainly the senior branch of the illustrious family of Fermanagh, is now extinct, not only in France, but also in Ireland; but if any of our readers will point out to us that members of it still exist, he will gratify us exceedingly.

* O'Callahan's Irish Brigades, vol I., p. 279.

For the line of descent of both families, as well as for that of Mac Manus of Senat, the reader is referred to the Annals of the Four Masters, A.D. 1498, page 1242.

We shall now return to the history and pedigree of the "Irish Maguire." In 1594 the lord deputy marched with a great force to Enniskillen, and laid siege to the castle, which he partly destroyed by military engines, and finally took. He left a garrison of his own soldiers in it, and then returned to Dublin. When Maguire heard of his return, he despatched messengers to Red Hugh O'Donnell to request his aid, and O'Donnell promptly responded to his request. They laid siege to the castle from the beginning of June to the middle of August, during which time they plundered and laid waste the lands of the English Maguire and of all those who adhered to the English cause, not only in Fermanagh, but also in Oriel and Brefney-O'Reilly. O'Donnell, however, hearing of the arrival of Donnell Gorm Mac Donnell and Mac Leod of Aca, at Derry, repaired thither with a small band of his forces to hire them in his service, leaving the rest of his forces to assist Maguire at the blockade of Enniskillen.

The garrison of Enniskillen found means to send word to the lord deputy that they were reduced to great extremities from the want of provisions, and his lordship sent orders to the men of Meath, as well as to the O'Reillys and the Bingham of Connaught, to convey provisions to Enniskillen with all possible speed. These people proceeded to Cavan, Sir John O'Reilly's chief town, where they obtained the provisions, and then set out by forced marches for Enniskillen, keeping Lough Erne on the right.

Maguire having intelligence of their route and intentions, set out with his own forces and those left him by O'Donnell, being joined also by Cormac, the brother of the earl of Tyrone, (the earl himself still clinging to the English, but wavering,) and they halted at a ford on the river Arney, now spanned by Drumane bridge, about five miles south of Enniskillen, where they knew the enemy should pass. Here both parties met face to face, and a fierce and vehement battle was fought between them, in which, at length, Maguire and his forces defeated the enemy by dint of bravery. A great slaughter was made; many steeds, weapons, and other spoils were left behind by the enemy, besides all the horses that were loaded with provisions intended for the victualling of the fortress of Enniskillen. A few of the gentlemen of Meath and of the O'Reillys escaped from the conflict, and fled precipitately from Fermanagh; and George Oge Bingham, with the survivors of his party, retreated with all possible speed through Magauran's country and Brefney-O'Rourke, never halting till he arrived at Sligo. The name of the ford at which this battle was fought was changed by Maguire to that of the *Biscuit ford*, on account of the great quantity of biscuits and small cakes left behind there by the fugitives on that day.

When the garrison of Enniskillen had heard of the defeat of the forces sent to their relief, they surrendered

the fortress to Maguire, and he gave them pardon and protection.*

Philip O'Sullivan Beare, who evidently had the account of this battle from persons who fought on both sides, gives the only account of it worth reading. As Cox, Leland, Moore, and most other historians have passed it over unnoticed, or barely mentioned it as a mere skirmish, we shall here lay before the reader a close translation of the account of it, given by P. O'Sullivan, who describes the Irish battles of the reign of Elizabeth far better than any other Irish writer, for this reason, because he had received the account of them from military men who were present at most of them, and, because, being a military man himself, he knew how a battle should be fought, and how to describe it scientifically.

"In this state of affairs, the garrison of Enniskillen, besieged by O'Donnell, was suffering from want of provisions, but a certain son of the hungry fortress, a betrayer, who had been left in it by the English, a voracious hog, afflicted with hunger, was sent in a boat with five of his fellow-soldiers, because he was acquainted with the territories and the roads, to announce to what distress the fortress was reduced, but he was intercepted by the Catholics and cut off, together with his companions. The English, nevertheless, not being ignorant of the distress of the fortress, hasten to obtain provisions. Salt meats, cheese, and a great supply of biscuits were procured. The garrisons were called out. A selection of Irish soldiers was made. From all the Irish lately levied and the English garrisons, two thousand five hundred men were collected, among whom were five hundred horse. Over these Henry Duke, an English knight, president of Offaley, is placed as commander, and the Marshal Foal, also an Englishman, of whose designs, as soon as O'Donnell was made acquainted, he sent messengers to Tyrone to apprise him that the Protestants were sending relief to Enniskillen; that he was resolved to resist to the death; that it was evident in what danger affairs stood; and that, therefore, he would regard Tyrone as an enemy unless he should bring him assistance at this extremity. On hearing this message, the anxious Tyrone was distracted with various cares, revolving in his mind that O'Donnell was waging war with the hope of Spanish aid, before he saw the Spanish banners displayed in Ireland, and that, therefore, the Catholic cause was placed in the greatest jeopardy, even if he himself should (on this occasion) lend his [utmost] aid; but that he could be of little assistance to the Catholics; that he was suspected by the Protestants, and that, therefore, he would be set down as

* Dr. Leland, who had O'Sullivan's account of the siege of Enniskillen before him, as well as the testimony of the Four Masters, thus describes the surrender of the castle of Enniskillen, to his eternal disgrace as a historian:—"The deputy was now to prosecute the insurgents of the north, and particularly to relieve the castle of Enniskillen: for this purpose, leaving the earl of Ormonde to command in Leinster, which was now harassed by the turbulence of the Irish septa, he led his forces towards Fermanagh; but soon learned that his expedition was too late. The English troops detached against the besiegers had received a total defeat from O'Donnell and his confederates; and the garrison, reduced to desperation, had surrendered, and were without mercy butchered by the Irish, who pleaded that they thus revenged the like cruelty exercised by Bingham on reducing this fort." This is an intentional falsehood, for both the Four Masters and O'Sullivan state that the garrison had surrendered on honourable conditions, and were spared by the Irish! Again, O'Donnell was not then at all at Enniskillen, all which Leland knew very well.

an enemy to both. However, on the approach of the queen's army, Cormac O'Neill, Tyrone's brother, came to O'Donnell's camp with one hundred horse and three hundred musketeers, but whether he was sent by Tyrone, or came of his own accord, it was by no means evident. Maguire and Cormac O'Neill went forth against them from O'Donnell's camp with one thousand foot, that they might prevent them from making incursions, and deprive them of sleep and rest, that they might be able to fight the less strenuously with O'Donnell afterwards. In the meantime, Duke halted not farther than three hundred paces from a ford on the Farney river, where, after nightfall, he was suddenly overwhelmed by Maguire and Cormac with a dense shower of leaden bullets discharged from muskets; against which Duke also sent his musketeers. Thus, both parties fighting at a distance, the queen's people are deprived of sleep by the danger and the report of the muskets. On the morrow after the break of day, Duke, drawing out three lines, supported by flank companies of cavalry and musketeers, because he had a great baggage, consisting of garrons, which carried the provisions, of asses, camp servants, and harlots; these he divided into two parts, placing the one between the first and second line, and the other between this and the last. Having drawn out his soldiers in this manner, he advanced from the camp, his soldiers overwhelmed with sleep from the last night's wakefulness, he was frequently compelled to stop short by the Catholics continually hurling darts at them; and to remove them in turns at a distance. At the eleventh hour of the day, he came within musket-shot of the ford of the Farney, where he ordered the horse to dismount, because the place was not fit for a cavalry engagement. Here Maguire and Cormac, with one thousand foot, contend with all their might. Their musketeers first fight bravely with the first line, and, ultimately, not only their musketeers, but also their pikemen press on. But the first division opening a way with the sword, and driving the Catholics on both sides, enter the ford. In the meantime, the Catholic musketeers who fought with the last division, drive the wings of the Protestant musketeers into that division, and by a continual discharge of leaden balls, caused a trepidation among them, and their ranks being now disturbed, the Catholic pikemen rushing forward, completely threw them into disorder, and they commingled the first division of the baggage with the second division of the lines: they afterwards drive them into the central division. Here the middle division underwent a double struggle, the one by arranging the last division, and the other by resisting the Catholics; but the Catholics, by pressing on, threw both into confusion, and driving them through the other part of the baggage, confound them with the first division. So the whole army being thrown into disorder, entered the ford with confused tumult, leaving behind the provisions and all the baggage, having saved their horses only, which were of great moment to the horsemen. Duke held a consultation to see what was next to be done. He decided that George Bingham, junior, should return home, lest all should perish of hunger, and meet the same fate as the defenders of Enniskillen, whom they were not able to relieve. On the other hand, Marshal Foal (which name signifies *stultus*) foolishly exclaims and protests that they should relieve the royal fort. The place where this Protestant had stood, was encumbered with moisture, where the horses being stuck in the mud, could be of no use. He was, therefore, wounded by the Catholics with the greater impunity. For this reason, Foal led forth the wing of the musketeers against the Catholics that he might remove them, whilst the army should be again drawn into array. But sooner than begin he desisted, being pierced and slain with a lance. By which the whole army of the Protestants being thrown into consternation, having deserted even their horses, they returned to the ford which they had lately crossed, without any order or command. From which they were driven by the Catholic

musketeers, who partly seized on the baggage and partly blocked up the ford. Now, being doubtful as to what counsel he should best adopt, he betakes himself in quick course to another ford, which he observed a bow-shot higher on the river, and precipitates himself into it before it could be occupied by the Catholics. But the ford, which was deep, was entered with such celerity and trepidation, about one hundred soldiers were drowned, over whose bodies the others crossed it. A few of the Irish followed the Protestants, whose paucity they despising, stood for a short time, whilst Duke, the commander of the English army, with other leaders of companies, cast off their arms and clothes to their shirts: by which stripping, however, not being sufficiently lightened, nor fit for running, he is dragged along between four Irish horsemen of his followers. The Catholics turning their attention to seizing the baggage, allowed them to escape from their hands, flying and trembling; for the few who had followed them across the ford returned immediately. In this conflict, somewhat more than four hundred persons perished by the sword and in the river. Horses, a great pile of arms, provisions, and all the baggage, were taken; among which a vast quantity of biscuits found strewn in the very ford, gave a new name to the place. The news of the royal army being defeated and routed being spread abroad, the fortress of Enniskillen, besieged by O'Donnell, surrendered, the defenders being dismissed by agreement, and it was again restored to Maguire."

Maguire longed for an opportunity to wreak his vengeance on Sir John O'Reilly and his adherents for the service which he intended to render the English; and he soon found himself in a condition to insult and weaken them. In 1595 he was joined by his neighbour, Mac Mahon, chief of Oriel, and they entered Brefney-O'Reilly with their united forces. They plundered and ravaged the whole territory, and the Four Masters inform us, that they left not a cabin in which two or three might be sheltered in the whole of the town of Cavan which they did not burn, nor any other building, except the monastery, in which there was an English garrison at the time.

In 1597, Maguire and his friend Cormac, the brother of Hugh, earl of Tyrone, pillaged Mullingar, and devastated the country around it. They carried away from Mullingar, on this occasion, all its gold, silver, copper, iron armour, and foreign wares, and everything else that could be carried or driven, and then set fire to it.

In the year 1600 Maguire accompanied the earl of Tyrone, who was then in open rebellion, on his famous expedition into Munster. They encamped at Inishcarra, between the rivers Lee and Bandon, in the month of March. One day Maguire went forth to scour the districts in the vicinity of the camp, and his people seized great preys, with which they encamped for the night at some distance from O'Neill's camp, but Maguire did not remain with his people, but set out to inform O'Neill of the great spoils which he had acquired. It happened, however, that Sir Warham St. Leger had his spies set to watch him all the day, and when he heard that he was returning to O'Neill's camp almost alone, he assembled a body of well-armed, mail-clad horsemen, and proceeded to a narrow defile by which he was sure Maguire should pass on his way back to

O'Neill's camp. He was not long in this ambush, when he saw Maguire coming on with a small party of cavalry. Maguire and Sir Warham engaged in single combat; and the Four Masters inform us, that Maguire slew him and five of his horsemen, and made his way through the rest by dint of valour, but being severely wounded, he fell dead from his horse before he could reach O'Neill. The loss of Maguire depressed the spirits of O'Neill, who resolved to return home to Ulster without delay. Sir John Davies observes, that this "Hugh Maguire, who was slain in Munster, was indeed a valiant rebel, and the stoutest that ever was of his name."

The author of the "Pacata Hibernia" gives a different account of this rencontre. He states that "within a mile of the town, or a little more, Sir Warham St. Leger and one of his servants a little straggling from his company, was, in a narrow way, suddenly charged by Maguire. They charged each other. Sir Warham discharged his pistol and shot the traitor, and he was stricken with the other horseman's staff in the head, of which wounds either of them, but none else on either side, was slain." But Philip O'Sullivan Beare relates it thus:—

"Here Maguire, accompanied by Edward Mac Caffry, his standard-bearer, Niall O'Durnin, and one priest, going forth from the camp, fell in with Warham St. Leger, an English knight, president of Munster, accompanied by sixty horse. Between these two warriors there was a great private emulation, besides the enmity which existed for public causes, because the Irish yielded the palm to Maguire for bravery and dexterity at arms, and the English to Sir Warham. Maguire, on seeing the multitude of the enemy's horse, did not think that it was consistent with his dignity either to fly or to surrender himself. But, setting spurs to his horse, he rushed into the midst of his enemies. As he brandished his spear, Sir Warham shot him with a leaden bullet from a pistol. Nevertheless, Maguire sought Sir Warham with his spear, whom, as he inclined his head to avoid his stroke, he pierced through the helmet, and leaving the spear hanging from his head, he drew his sword and cut his way through the middle of his enemies, his two horsemen, also wounded, and the priest following him; and turning his horse round again, he rushed upon and put them all to flight; nor did he follow them far; before he could reach O'Neill at the camp, alighting from his horse, he, being expiated by the priest, breathed out his soul through his wound. His horse is said to have abstained from food until it died. Sir Warham, too, was reduced to madness by the effects of his wound, died in fifteen days afterwards."—*Hist. Cathol.*, tom 3, lib. 5, c. xii.

His brother, Cuconnaught Oge, who was the son of Margaret, daughter of the celebrated Shane O'Neill, prince of Tyrone, was elected his successor. Of this Cuconnaught we hear nothing until the year 1607, when he and a few of his friends sailed in a French ship into Lough Swilly, and cast anchor opposite Rathmullan, where he awaited the arrival of the earls of Tyrone and Tirconnell and their followers. They entered the ship on the festival of the Holy Cross in autumn, and sailed into France. The cause of this precipitate flight of Maguire and the earls has ever since remained enveloped in mystery. In the account of the flight of O'Neill, the earl of Tyrone, preserved

in Irish in the college of St. Isidore at Rome, it is mentioned that O'Neill had received a letter from John Bath, informing him of the arrival of this French ship; but it seems to throw no light on the immediate cause of their flight. P. O'Sullivan Beare states that O'Neill was informed by certain English friends of his, that the English government intended to seize him, and that, therefore, he fled into France, where Henry IV., king of France, refused to deliver him up to king James's ambassadors.

Dr. Anderson, a learned English divine, in his "*Royal Genealogies*," printed in London in the year 1736, thus refers to the flight of these unfortunate earls:—"Artful Cecil employed one St. Laurence to entrap the earls of Tyrone and Tyrocanell, the Lord Delvin and other chiefs, into a sham plot, which had no evidence but his. But these chiefs being basely informed that witnesses were to be hired against them, foolishly fled from Dublin, and so taking guilt upon them, they were declared rebels, and six entire counties in Ulster were at once forfeited to the crown, which was what their enemies wanted."

These fugitives complained on the Continent of their having been persecuted for religion, and it was deemed expedient by the king and the state that this should be publicly denied. A proclamation was accordingly issued by the king, wherein he affirms that "they had not the least shadow of molestation, and that there was not any purpose of proceeding against them in matters of religion; their condition being to think murder no fault, marriage of no use, nor any man valiant that does not glory in rapine and oppression; and, therefore, 'twere unreasonable to trouble them for religion, because it could be perceived by their conversation that they had not any." We have proof positive, however, that after the submission of O'Neill and O'Donnell, and "in the midst of the most universal peace that ever was in Ireland," the king's counsellors published in Dublin the "Act of Uniformity" of the 2nd Elizabeth, which strictly "prohibited the attendance upon the Roman Catholic worship, and a proclamation was issued on the 4th of July, 1605, wherein his majesty declared to his beloved subjects in Ireland that he would not admit any such liberty of conscience as they were made to expect, and commanded all the Roman Catholic clergy, by a certain day, to depart the realm." If this did not indicate a purpose to proceed against the earls in matters of religion, the language of princes is beyond the comprehension of subjects.

Maguire did not long survive the loss of his principality. He died of a burning fever at Genoa on the 12th of August, 1608.

This Cuconnaught Oge left a son, Brian Maguire, who was a minor at the death of his father. In the 8th year of James I., he was restored to some tracts of land in Fermanagh, the principal division of which was called Tempo, the whole estimated to contain two thousand acres—total rent £21 6s. 8d. English.

This Brian had one son, Hugh Maguire, who married the daughter of O'Reilly, by whom he had CUCONNAUGHT

MORE, who married the daughter of Ever Magennis, of Castlewellan, in the county of Down, and had three sons, Brian, Hugh, and Stephen, the two latter of whom died without issue. He mortgaged a great part of his estate to raise, arm, and support a regiment of horse for the service of James II., of which he was colonel. He was sheriff of Fermanagh in 1687. According to the tradition in the family, which seems to be correct, he fought desperately at the pass of Aughrim, where he himself was killed, and Alexander Maguire, his lieutenant-colonel,* taken prisoner, and his regiment cut to pieces, after having nearly annihilated the second regiment of the British horse. Tradition adds that he was struck down by a grape shot,* and left dead on the field; but one of his followers, named O'Durnin, cut off his head with his sword, and carried it in a bag to the island of Devinish, where he buried it in the family tomb of the Maguires. At the court of claims, Mary Maguire, widow of Colonel Cuconnaught Maguire, was allowed a jointure off Tempo and other lands in Fermanagh, as was Brian, his eldest son, a remainder in tail therein.

This Brian Maguire married the daughter and heiress of James Nugent, Esq., of Coolamber, by which marriage he was able to pay off certain debts with which the estate of Tempo was encumbered. He had five sons and one daughter: the two eldest of the sons died unmarried. He died himself in 1700, and was succeeded by his third son, Robert Maguire, who is mentioned by the venerable Charles O'Connor, of Belanagare, in his *Dissertations on the History of Ireland*, printed in 1753, as the then head of the Maguires of Fermanagh. This Robert married the daughter and heiress of Henry Mac Dermot Roe, of Greyfield, Esq., in the county of Roscommon, but died without issue, and was succeeded by his next brother, Hugh Maguire, the fourth son of Brian of Tempo. This Hugh was a colonel in the Austrian service, and married the honourable dowager lady Cathcart, of Irwin water, Herefordshire, and dying in Dublin, without issue in 1763, was succeeded by his youngest brother, PHILIP MAGUIRE, the fifth son of Brian. He married Miss Frances Morris, daughter of Nicholas Morris, Esq., of Latteragh, in the county Tipperary, by Miss Susanna Talbot, of Malahide.

This Philip had several daughters who were most respectably married, and one son, HUGH MAGUIRE, of Tempo, Esq., one of the most puissant, high-minded, and accomplished gentlemen that ever came of the Sil-Uidhir. The writer was acquainted with many old persons in Fermanagh and Dublin who knew him intimately, and were entertained at his hospitable and sumptuous table at Tempo. He mortgaged Tempo to the Emerson Tennant family, and left his family in great distress. He married Phoebe Mac Namara, daughter of George Mac Namara, Esq., of Cong,

* Compare O'Callaghan's edition of *Macaria Ercidium*, p. 312. The late Michael Maguire, of Trim, who was living in 1837, aged 90, traced his pedigree to this Cuconnaught More.

county Mayo, and died in October, 1800, leaving three sons; 1. Constantine, a gentleman of polished manners and indomitable courage, who was murdered in the county of Tipperary in 1834, at the very time that the writer was at Tempo. He left one son, whose legitimacy was denied by his brother Brian, but who now enjoys a small estate to which Constantine succeeded in right of his mother; and some daughters. 2. The second son of Hugh was Brian, and the third, Stephen, who enlisted as a private soldier, and died soon after broken-hearted, and several daughters.

BRIAN MAGUIRE, the second son of Hugh of Tempo, was an officer in the East India Company's native army in Bombay, which he joined in 1799. In the year 1811, a short memoir of this remarkable man, evidently his own production, was printed in Dublin by W. Cox, 150, Abbey-street, giving an account of his several duels with English officers, and of several circumstances that occurred to him in India and Europe, to which is annexed a genealogy of his family, which shewed him to have been related to some of the best families in Ireland, being the second cousin of the then earl of Ormonde, and of lord Talbot of Malahide. This little work was suppressed at the request of Mr. Maguire's friends, and very few copies of it are extant. He married, in 1808, Miss Honoria Anne Baker, daughter of James Baker, Esq., of Ballymoreen, in the county Tipperary, and had by her several sons, some of whom were reduced to the condition of common sailors on the coal vessels sailing between Dublin and the coasts of Wales.

Thus, in one generation, has the proudest blood of Ireland sunk to one of the vilest states of human existence, and commingled with that of a class amongst whom, more than a century ago (according to Dean Swift), the true representatives of the ancient Irish nobility were to be found.

From Hugh Maguire, son of Philip, and brother of Thomas More Maguire, prince of Fermanagh, who died in 1430, descended Hugh Maguire, who served as captain in the regiment of Cuconnaught More Maguire, who was slain at Aughrim. From this captain Hugh Maguire descended, in the fourth generation, Mr. Richard Maguire, of Dublin, banker, whose will is dated 27th January, 1727, and proved 30th December in the same year. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander de Bowdel Dutozail, who died March, 1752, and had by her William Maguire, of Dublin, who died in April, 1763, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Francis Annesley, and had by her: 1. William Maguire, of George's-street, Hanover-square; 2. Arthur Maguire, solicitor, who married Anne, daughter of Walter Croker, Esq., of Lisnabrin, in the county of Cork, and had by her the Rev. Arthur Maguire, rector of St. Thomas's parish, Dublin, and several other sons, whose issue are probably still extant. William Maguire, the eldest son of William, the Dublin banker, had by Lucy, widow of — Fytche, governor of Bengal, a son, William Maguire, Esq., of Rostrevor, in the county of Down, who died in February, 1822. He married

Anne Elizabeth, daughter of John Moore, Esq., of Clough, in the county Down, and had by her William John Maguire, who married Lady Mary Annesley, daughter of Richard Lord Annesley, but of their descendants we know nothing.

It appears from the patent rolls of the reign of James I., that several junior branches of the Maguires of Fermanagh were restored to small estates by that monarch, but they all forfeited these estates either in Cromwell's time or at the Revolution. There were several officers of the name of Maguire in the Irish brigades in France, belonging to the regiments of Lee, Dorrington, Dillon, O'Donnell, Fitz-James, Bulkeley, and Lally. The principal of these was Philip Francis Maguire, who was born at St. Omer in January, 1740, served in the regiments of Bulkeley and Dillon, in the latter of which he was captain from 1779 to 1783: and he was a chevalier of the royal and military order of St. Louis.

But by far the most distinguished of the Maguires on the Continent was John Sigismund Maguire, descended of the Maguires of Lurg, who fled from Fermanagh in Cromwell's time, and sought refuge in the county of Kerry. He was colonel of a regiment of infantry of four battalions, a general of artillery, a lieutenant-general, governor of Carinthia, an imperial chamberlain, and a grand-cross knight of the military order of Maria Theresa, and of the white eagle of the king of Poland. As opposed to the Prussians in the Seven Years' War, he is often mentioned by Frederic the Great, against whom he successfully defended Dresden in 1760. General Maguire, who united the attractions of a polite and liberal education with comeliness of person, was married to a Moravian lady of noble family, "it being well known," says a cotemporary account, "that no lady of distinction in Germany will marry a foreigner, unless he maketh it appear that his ancestors have been gentlemen, and their wives equally born, for sixteen generations."

The family of Maguire is still very numerous in Ireland; and though it has lost the large estates to which the two great branches, called the "English and Irish Maguires," were restored at the plantation of Ulster, there are still remaining some branches of the same race highly respectable in other parts of Ireland, as Maguire of Clonea castle, near Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford, and John Francis Maguire, Esq., M.P. for Cork, who inherits the talents, spirit, and highmindedness of his ancestors in an eminent degree. The writer has to add, that he has been informed that a Maguire has lately returned from Spain who has purchased a considerable tract of property in Fermanagh, including one of the islands in Lough Erne.

The usual armorial bearings of the Maguires are: on a chief, a dexter hand argent; in base, a salmon naiant. Another branch of them bore: a man in armour, mounted on a steed, bridled and caparisoned, both or.

LISETTE.

WITHIN this room, so poor and bare,
 Lisette and I lived long ago,
 Ere age around my temples shed
 This scattered crown of sunless snow.
 She was a sunbeam, warm and golden,
 Prisoned bright in this lonely room;
 She was a flower, all hue and odour,
 A blossom of splendid bloom;
 Old violin, shining on yonder wall,
 Dear chair that breathes of her presence yet!
 Ye are all here, sombre and clear,
 But whither, ah whither, is sweet Lisette?
 Ah, Lisette!
 Faithless Lisette;
 The morning light of my life is o'er;
 The last sweet token
 Of love is broken,
 You are Lisette no more, no more.

The stars are rounding the evening time,
 Richly as twenty years ago:
 The vine leaf flutters, the red sunbeam
 Floats on the floor in a crimson glow;
 Hark, hark, how the southern swallow
 Yonder sings to the dusky night;
 Mark, mark, how the leafy shadows
 Twinkle and pant in the fading light.
 Old violin, shining on yonder wall,
 Sing to my soul some mournful strain,
 'Till, steeped in the drowse of golden swoons,
 Lisette shall visit my hearth again.
 Ah, Lisette!
 Fickle Lisette,
 My sleep is languid; my brows are hoar;
 You too are old,
 In your jewels and gold,
 You are Lisette—no more, no more.

My Lisette was a breathing charm,
 A simple ribbon around her neck;
 The skylark sang when her rich lips parted,
 The red robin came at her milk-white beck.
 She had a face where restless beauty
 Sparkled to life in each changing look,
 Shining away into breezy brightness,
 Like the sun on a wind-blown brook;
 And she said she loved me! alas, alas,
 Rare is the rose that always blooms;—
 What is she now? the peacock gaud
 In the glory of diamonds and flouting plumes.
 Ah, Lisette!
 Faded Lisette,
 Your blush-rose charms are dead and o'er;
 All painted smiles!
 All practised wiles!
 You are Lisette no more, no more.

I saw her carriage a moon ago
 Roll glittering down the crowded way;
 Her brow was wrinkled, her eyes were dim,
 Only her sunken cheek looked gay—
 Vermilion-bright as the leaf that, rubied,
 Falls from the mellowing Autumn tree.
 She saw me struggling through mire and rain,
 And kissed her jewelly hand to me;—
 Ah, lady mine! 'tis now too late,
 I gather no flower in the Autumn time;
 Your heart is hollow, your love is spent,
 Your braided locks are gray with rime.
 Good bye, Lisette!
 Good night, Lisette!
 The dreams and hopes of the past are o'er;
 We two are parted,
 I'm broken-hearted;
 You—are Lisette no more, no more.

CAVIARE.

RAYMOND DE BURGH;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF A STEPSON.

(Concluded from page 125.)

CHAPTER IV.—CONDUCTS RAYMOND TO MADRID, AND
 INTRODUCES HIM TO SOME FRIENDS THERE.

THE Amazade, which remained nearly a month in Oporto, was at length chartered; but, to his dismay, Raymond learned that her cargo was consigned to a Limerick merchant. Though mentally resolved, after his attack of sea-sickness, never again to try the "ocean wave," he felt unwilling to deprive his kind friend the captain of his services, such as they were; and, despite his resolution, would have sailed with him to any other port on the globe's surface, save that to which he was now bound. To return to Limerick! Impossible! He had escaped detection once, and was determined not to try the experiment again. He accordingly stated his case candidly to the captain, and begged of him not to insist on his return. That honest soul, so far from putting any obstacle in his way, fully coincided in his views—for he remembered that he had himself, in early life, made an escapade from a boarding-school—and not only sought out a trusty muleteer to conduct him, but actually paid his fare to Madrid, whither Raymond intimated a wish to proceed. Unable to express his thanks otherwise, he warmly grasped the hand of his benefactor, and, with tears, bade him farewell, at the same time expressing a hope that he might be, one day, able to repay so great kindness.

The same morning that witnessed the departure of the Amazade saw Raymond likewise set out on his long over-land journey. The muleteer with whom he travelled was a Maragato from Astorga, but seemed just as much at home in Portugal as in Spain. He was what Senan Dillon, had he seen him, would have called "a fine loose fellow," fully six feet high, and exceedingly well-proportioned. He was singularly, and as Raymond thought, rather fantastically attired. His broad sombrero was richly decorated with interlaced ribbons of most attractive hue. He wore a long, close-fitting jacket of brown stuff, trimmed with yellow, and secured at the waist by a showy girdle, which did not entirely conceal the burnished haft of a bright Manchegan dagger. His vest, thickly studded with silver buttons, apparently of no use whatever, and his loose trousers terminating at the knee, were of the same material and colour as the jacket. A pair of tightly-adjusted gaiters of yellow buckskin, and shoes ornamented with buckles that would do credit to the trappings of an English dray horse, completed his attire. A long, silver-mounted carbine, which he sometimes wore slung across his shoulders, was strapped to the pack-saddle of one of his mules; and whenever the cigar was not in his mouth—an event indeed of rare occurrence—he accompanied the musical jingling of their bells by odd verses of some favourite Gallegan ditty. On the whole, he was, unlike many of the Maragato arrieros, a most amusing and

agreeable companion, and became quite devoted to Raymond when he learned that one of the Canons of San Isidore was his uncle.

At each posada where our travellers halted for lodging or refreshment, the cry of young and old was "*Bien venido!*" or "*Que de bueno Perico.*" Some members of the family seemed even still warmer in their expressions of pleasure at his arrival. But the unmannerly wretch invariably put them to flight by saluting them, *à la Française*, in presence of the assembled guests of the hostelry! Still, as the sound of his whip announced again the departure of his jingling team, the latter seemed loudest in their "*Adios,*" or "*A mas ver, Perico!*"

As time wore on, the distance between them and Madrid grew less, till at length, about a week after their departure, they entered the royal city, by the Puerta San Vincente, just as the evening bell for Las Animas was chiming its last peal.

A short walk, through ways well known to his guide, brought Raymond to the portals of St. Isidore's, where, after a thundering knock, Perico, who did not mind the bell, informed the startled janitor that a young gentleman, all the way from Ireland, was come to visit the Canon De Lacy. He then took his departure, promising to call again as often as business brought him to Madrid, and leaving Raymond with trembling footsteps and palpitating heart, to follow his new conductor to his uncle's apartment.

All his fears and misgivings—if he entertained any, were flung to the winds the moment he approached the good Padre. Their first words, as they warmly embraced each other, were "dear Raymond," "dearest uncle." After a thousand similar expressions of affection, the Canon, seeing Raymond in tears, made him sit down, and, after ordering supper, commenced to ask about all old friends in Ireland, hoping thus to arrive at the cause of his quitting home, without exactly putting the question directly. On hearing of the death of his brother-in-law, the kind-hearted priest could not restrain his tears. Pressing his nephew to his bosom, he thanked heaven that it was in his power to protect him and his sister. During supper, Raymond informed him how he had been treated, both before and since his father's death, by his stepmother and brother, adding that he would never have taken the step he did, had he the least hope of ever receiving the slightest kindness from either. He was obliged to detail every particular of his journey from Shannon View to St. Isidore's; and as he did so, the good Canon laughed and wept by turns, blessing all who had shown even the least kindness to the orphan. Having exhausted his stock of inquiries, embracing the most minute details of home, the Canon took up a lamp, and conducted Raymond to his chamber, a neat little apartment off his own library. Here he left him to enjoy the first night of unbroken bliss that was his for a long time, promising to call him at eight in the morning, and bring him to the convent of Santa Anna, where Emily was a boarder.

Raymond's happiness was too great to be long lost in the oblivion of sleep. With the first ray of sunlight that

peered into his chamber next morning, he was up; and when his uncle came to call him, he found him seated at the window, already making acquaintance with the worthy Madritenos who dwelt at the opposite side of the street. Breakfast over, they proceeded to St. Anne's, where a real surprise awaited Raymond. Had he met her alone in the street, he should never have recognised, in the blushing brunette now before him, the laughing little Emily with whom he parted some seven years before. And yet she was the same, though now grown so tall; and before her uncle had time to announce even the name of his companion, she had recognised him, and was locked fast in his embrace. Strange, yet beautiful impulse of nature that links the heart to the object of its love, despite all the efforts of time and distance to estrange them. Raymond's bliss seemed now complete. He was living in the same house with his uncle, and could see his sister as often as he pleased. After several hours spent in the convent, which to Emily seemed scarcely seconds, the Canon and Raymond departed, having first faithfully promised to repeat their visit next day.

One evening, about a week after his arrival, as Raymond and his uncle were sauntering along the Prado, the Canon was accosted by two gentlemen and a lady by whom they were accompanied. The elder of the gentlemen, Don Diego de Leva, was a tall, venerable personage somewhat over sixty. The other, Don Lorenzo, his son, a remarkable fine-looking young man, seemed scarcely twenty; while the lady, who was his sister, appeared, at least, some three or four years his junior.

All three seemed on most familiar terms with the Canon; and, after chiding him with good-humoured severity, for not having visited them during the last week, insisted on his accompanying them home to supper. Raymond was pressed even more warmly, if possible, than his uncle, nor would he have refused to accompany them, had they invited him to spend the evening in a charnel-house, after the sweet "*bien venido à Madrid, Señor*" that accompanied Donna Magdalena's courtesy of introduction. Leaving their father and the padre to the discussion of more serious topics, the young people took possession of Raymond, and partly in English, partly in Spanish, sustained a lively and agreeable conversation during their promenade homewards.

Half an hour's walk brought them to the dwelling of their host; and Raymond, on arriving there, almost felt sorry that the distance was not greater, so much taken was he with his new friends, and his first regular lesson in Spanish, which his fair companion laughingly promised should be repeated as often as he chose to honour her lectures with his presence. Don Diego's mansion, situate in the Calle Montera, was externally one of the finest in Madrid; and the apartment into which Raymond was ushered seemed fully in keeping with the exterior. It was almost with a feeling akin to astonishment his eye wandered from object to object of refined magnificence, till the return of Donna Magdalena, who had retired to lay aside her walking-dress and induce another, which

floated before poor Raymond's imagination till morning. Entering the room with joyous step, she deposited a guitar, which she brought with her, on a sofa; and took up the position at the family board which had become vacant, by the death of her mother, some two years before. Nothing could exceed the expression of heart-felt pleasure visible on the features of Don Diego, as he beheld his son and daughter striving, as it were, to outdo each other in attention to the young relative of his old and valued friend. When the supper cloth was removed, the Canon and his host drew their chairs to the balcony, where they were soon wrapt in the odorous enjoyment of two unrivalled havannahs. Nor were their young friends idle meanwhile. The guitar was not suffered to remain long silent; and aided by its notes, Magdalena and her brother welcomed Raymond to Spain in the words of an old duet, composed at a time when their country was the refuge of many who fled from persecution in Ireland. The air was soft and touching, the execution faultless, and Raymond felt utterly at a loss how to express his thanks when the song terminated. Too soon, however, as he thought, was their conversation interrupted by his uncle reminding him that it was high time to bid his friends good night, at least if he meant to pass the portals of St. Isidore's that evening.

On their way home, the conversation turned on Raymond's future prospects. The Canon suggested the state of life he had himself embraced, but his nephew felt no vocation that way. He next mentioned that in the course of the evening, Don Diego had expressed his readiness to give him a place in his counting-house, and a home in his own family, should his inclination lead him to a life of commerce. It only remained for him to turn the matter over in his mind, and come to some determination, before morning. A moment, however, sufficed to convince Raymond that his road to happiness lay through Don Diego's office; and ere he retired for the night, he informed his uncle that he would thankfully avail himself of the offer of the kind friend whom he should henceforth regard as a father. What were Raymond's feelings—what his ecstasy—when he found himself alone, and could measure fully and without interruption his anticipated happiness? To-morrow he was to become an inmate of the house that contained Lorenzo and Magdalena De Leva!

The routine of office life is nearly the same in every country, high stools and dusty ledgers being its almost invariable concomitants, and with both Raymond, who, had his father lived, should have never known either, soon became familiar. We will not weary our readers with more than a passing allusion to such matters. Enough to say, that even in the monotonous discharge of the duties of a counting-house, Raymond felt as happy as any hidalgo in Madrid, for he knew that, office hours once over, he was to be the privileged, nay, envied companion of the reigning belle of the city.

Three days in his new position brought him to Sunday, and then he was free to introduce Magdalena and Lorenzo to his sister. As if years had elapsed since

their last meeting, the brother and sister flew into each other's arms with genuine Irish affection. Emily's reception of Magdalena was scarcely less warm; and when the latter introduced her brother, a slight blush might be perceived on the cheek of her young friend. Though little over fourteen, Emily had grown quite a woman. Seven years in Spain had almost made her a native. She was fully as tall as Magdalena, who was her senior by two years, and her fair curling hair and mild blue eye might well vie with the long raven braids and dark brilliant orb of her Spanish friend. No wonder then that Lorenzo regarded her with admiration the first moment he saw her; and no wonder if Emily blushed when she instinctively felt herself to be the object of such admiration. Passing through a path lined with hedges of aloe, and perfectly secure from the intrusion of even a stray sunbeam, they reached an alcove at the end of the garden, and there, seated on a bench of cork wood, pleasantly whiled away the hours till the bell of St. Anna's commenced chiming for vespers. Emily could remain no longer, and tears showed the sorrow she felt in parting, even for a week, with her long-absent brother. Faithfully did he promise to visit her again next Sunday. Magdalena said she also would come; and though Lorenzo only said, "*Adios Senorita*," as he touched her hand, there was not one of the party more firmly resolved on returning again that day week.

Months rolled on thus, months of innocent delight to our friends in Madrid. The winds of October were eddying crisp, yellow leaves about the garden walks; the Manzanares no longer glided on with silvery current, but hoarsely brawled with the rocks that opposed its course. Cold winds too, began to blow from the Sierra de Guadarama. The evenings were now spent entirely at home; and, what with the ruddy glow of the *braser*, and the sparkling Xeres before him, Don Diego's affection for Raymond seemed to grow warmer also. The Canon, as usual, was a frequent and welcome guest. But the young people observed that, of late, his conversations with Don Diego assumed a very serious character, and were evidently on some topic of more than usual interest to both speakers.

CHAPTER V.—WAR.

THE winter of 1807 was the advent of troublous times in Spain. The boundless ambition of a *parvenu* conqueror,—the petty rapacity of a court minion—and the blind imbecility of a crowned nonentity, were bringing about a series of tragedies of which that beautiful but ill-fated country was for years destined to be the theatre. Little did our hitherto happy friends dream of the sad part they were doomed to sustain, ere the curtain fell on the bloody drama.

"I don't see, for the life of me, what right or title Emanuel Godoy has to the province of Alentijo and the Algarves," said the Canon, one evening, towards the close of a rather lengthened conversation with Don Diego,

"neither can I see anything like justice in the dismemberment of Portugal."

"Nor can I," replied his companion; "you already perceive the ruinous effect produced on our commercial affairs by Napoleon's policy. In fact, Spain suffers just as much as Portugal by his embargo. And as for the 'Prince of Peace!' I remember the time when that same Godoy felt honoured when raised to the rank of a guardsman. I fear me much these shameful transactions bode no good to our country."

A few grave nods formed the Canon's sole reply, as he arose to depart for the night.

French troops now commenced pouring into Spain by virtue of the right of passage into Portugal conceded to them in the articles of Fontainebleau. Duhemse's myrmidons swarmed across the eastern Pyrenees, and occupied the garrisons of the north, while Dupont and Moncey advanced into the very heart of the kingdom. Still Carlos IV. looked on in silence. His faithful secretary Cevallos, his son—the prince of the Asturias—the voice of the public journals, warned him of his danger. But Godoy's voice seemed his only oracle. At last, but when too late, his eyes were opened, and after an unsuccessful attempt to seek flight in America, he abdicated his crown, and was succeeded by his son, Ferdinand VII. on the 20th March 1808. Three days after, Joachim Murat entered Madrid at the head of forty thousand French veterans.

Girt by such an overwhelming force, the city lay wholly at their mercy, and the new king scarcely retained the shadow of royalty. With the basest obsequiousness, the grantees complied with, nay anticipated, every wish of their martial ruler; and it was only in the dark, scowling looks, and muttered curses of the multitude, that Murat could learn what the feeling at large was in his regard. The wily policy of Napoleon thought it best to soothe the populace for a time, till disunion among themselves placed them more fully in his power. For this purpose, the arch-detective Savary was despatched to Madrid. But his commission embraced other projects also, which may be guessed at by the reader before he reaches the close of our narrative.

Step by step Ferdinand was decoyed, first to Burgos, next to Vittoria, and finally to Bayonne, where he was forced to exchange the crown of Spain for the dungeon of Valençay. He had been duped and deceived from the beginning, and on the very day Savary announced to him the extinction of his line as monarchs of Spain, had dined, on terms of friendship, with the man whose brother was destined to usurp his crown on the morrow. A few weeks later, his aged father was obliged to go through the mock ceremony of relinquishing his claim to a kingdom which he had already renounced, and which he well knew was then firmly clutched in the rapacious grasp of the Corsican. On this condition alone was he suffered to spend the remnant of his life in moping imbecility at Compiegne, Rome, or Marseilles. But to the land of his birth he must no more return. The Bourbon dynasty was ended for ever in Spain—so at least thought Napoleon—and the heirs and successors

of Joseph Buonaparte were to be for evermore its rulers.

The events which we have just recorded filled the capital with dismay. Though all exulted in the downfall of Godoy, none could think of the departure of the king without feelings the most alarming. Private meetings were now held in almost every house—secret clubs organized, and projects set on foot for the forcible expulsion of the foreigners.

Among the most strenuous advocates for armed resistance, was a young nobleman named De Rabiera, who had lately made his appearance in the city. Few knew him; but his equipages were the finest in Madrid, and his splendid mansion in the Plaza San Geronimo was ever open to the enemies of French rule. By this means he became acquainted with some of the most distinguished families; and with the simple-hearted Don Diego soon became quite a favourite. Not so, however, with Magdalena. Whenever he visited, she contrived to absent herself, or if obliged by courtesy to be present, was unusually grave and silent during his stay. Whether she communicated her feelings to Lorenzo, or whether he found Don Jose's air of superiority irksome, does not appear, but certain it is that he felt but little relish for his society. As for Raymond, he detested him. Still he could not exactly say why. Surely it could not be because De Rabiera was the reputed suitor of Magdalena. She had many suitors—and yet, after all, though Raymond would not admit it, it seems to us, that had the general on *dû* excluded Don Jose from the number, his presence would have been less objectionable. Be this as it may, both Raymond and Lorenzo, whatever their antipathy to Don Jose himself, were heart and soul devoted to the cause of which he was the most eloquent propagandist; and night after night, without Don Diego's cognisance, did they meet in secret council at his dwelling.

We have said that their meetings were held without the knowledge of Don Diego, for they knew that he was of too wise, or too peaceful a disposition, to approve of their plans, or sanction a recourse to arms under existing circumstances, at the same time that he spoke in no measured terms of the French occupation, when discussing that all-engrossing topic within the limits of his own family circle. He even expressed a hope that shame itself, if no juster motive influenced him, would at length induce Napoleon to withdraw his troops, provided no premature onslaught of the people on Murat gave him a pretext for further measures of an aggressive character. This latter event was what he most dreaded, and he appealed to his friend the Canon, if the premature rising of his own countrymen was not the cause of the disasters that led himself to seek shelter in Spain.

"Yes; but the people were goaded on to insurrection in '98," returned the party appealed to, who could never be persuaded that the insurgents of Vinegar Hill would not have beaten the whole royal army, had they but proper arms and ammunition, with six months' previous training.

"I grant you all that, father," replied Don Diego, "and that is precisely what makes for me. Do you ima-

gine that Murat would not exult at any opportunity of slipping his blood-hounds on the people; or do you think Savary has neglected to learn a lesson from those who first drove Ireland into rebellion, and then bound her over to the peace by the Union? I firmly believe that both he and his master would gladly imitate Castlereagh, were it possible, and find as willing agents for carrying out their atrocious designs in Murat's army, as Pitt or Castlereagh did in Lake's."

The Canon agreed with him, and well for Lorenzo had he duly weighed his father's views. But his young blood chafed at the indignities offered to his country, in the imprisonment of her king, and the occupation of her capital by a foreign soldiery.

On the first night of May—an eventful one for Raymond, being the anniversary of his departure from Ireland—he accompanied his friend Lorenzo for the last time to the dwelling of Don Jose De Rabiera. Business did not commence till near midnight, and when, at the close of the proceedings, the friends again stood in the Plaza San Geronimo, it wanted but a few hours of sunrise.

"What a lovely morning," said Lorenzo, rather abstractedly.

"In truth it is," rejoined his companion, "and I don't remember when I saw the moon look so brilliant and beautiful as she did last night."

"And yet when she sets again it may be in blood," replied Lorenzo, with a sigh.

"Oh, away with such gloomy foreboding, Lorenzo! Let us hope for the best."

"But I cannot get rid of them, Raymond; I feel as if we were destined soon to part for ever."

His friend was about making some reply, when Lorenzo pressing his hand, stopped him.

"Bear with me, Raymond. You are my friend and Emily's brother—and oh! may God grant that our friendship be not the cause of sorrow to her. Deeply do I now regret having ever suffered you to join our club. And my poor father and Magdalena! Oh! will you not be their friend if I fall? But above all, bear my dying love to Emily—for, I have now no secrets from you."

Raymond was utterly astonished at the last words of the speaker. He even began to fear for his intellect, till he saw him take from his bosom, and press to his lips, a little coral rosary which he knew to have once belonged to Emily. Assuming a gay tone, he strove to turn the sad current of his friend's thoughts.

"Again," resumed Lorenzo "that De Rabiera! I cannot tell why I so dislike his attentions to my sister—but—"

The clock of St. Ildefonso's struck four as the speaker reached the postern of his father's mansion. Opening the wicket he silently entered with Raymond, who little thought, as he retired to his own apartment, to dwell, ere sleeping, on the closing words of Lorenzo's speech, that he had bidden his dearest friend a last "good-night."

The result of these secret meetings was, as the reader may have already guessed, a premature rising of the peo-

ple. Urged on by interested demagogues—many of whom were in Savary's pay—the noble Madritenos rose, bravely and fearlessly, it is true, but without sufficient arms or discipline, to shake off the incubus of French tyranny. With what success, alas, history tells us! They were mowed down in scores by Murat's cannon, or cut to pieces by Grouchy's grim veterans, who had learned to conquer at Marengo and Austerlitz. But they fell not without a gallant struggle. Through the length of a long summer's day they contested street by street, and fought from house to house. "War to the hilt!" was their cry; and when the last cartridge was spent, and the inverted musket shivered to pieces on steel corslet or bearskin shako, its owner flinging it aside, would rush on with his long knife, and, lessening by one the enemies of his country, fall mid a shower of bullets on the corse of his opponent, still muttering with clenched teeth "*Malditos ladrones—hasta la guarnicion!*" When the smoke and din of battle had subsided, and silence again reigned through the blood-stained streets after the removal of the wounded, the lifeless body of Lorenzo de Leva was discovered amid heaps of slain. He had fallen, pierced through the heart by a musket-ball, where the fight had evidently been thickest, and even in death wore the same tranquil, noble look that, during life, had endeared him to all. Of Raymond, notwithstanding the closest search, no trace whatever could be discovered; and the announcement of his death would have been scarcely more trying than the terrible suspense which his uncle and sister were now doomed to endure.

For some time Don Diego, supported by the counsel and society of his old friend the Canon, bore his affliction as became a Christian; and poor Emily endeavoured to conceal her own griefs in her desire to afford comfort to Magdalena. But the continued presence of the French, as masters, perpetually reminded the old man of his sad loss. Of business he could not even think; and for the first time, during centuries, the great firm of De Leva was unrepresented at the Bourse. Unable to remain longer amid the scenes of his disasters, he quitted Madrid towards the close of summer, never more to return.

Weeks and months rolled by since the departure of Don Diego and Magdalena, and still there was no account of Raymond. But though his friends were in painful anxiety regarding his fate, he was in safety. Towards the close of the disastrous day on which poor Lorenzo fell, he found himself forcibly dragged backwards from the position he had taken beside the body of his friend, where he resolved to avenge his death or share his fate. His first impulse was to resist, and, though wounded, and weakened from loss of blood, he had actually placed himself in a posture of defence, when a well-known voice, whispering him to follow quickly, reassured him. It was the voice of his old friend, Perico the muleteer, but so disguised was the speaker that he should never have known him, had he not spoken.

"No *tenga miedo*, but follow quickly," urged Perico, "you are well known to Savary and Grouchy,

and nothing can save you if they once get you into their clutches. All further resistance is now hopeless."

Acting on the advice of his deliverer, Raymond at once followed in silence through several lanes and alleys in which a stranger would have but little chance of finding his way. They soon reached the suburbs, where Perico's mules stood ready harnessed, and, ere long, were on their way to a mountain posada, kept by the honest muleteer's brother. Here his guide left him to have his wounds dressed, and remain in concealment till the present storm subsided, and a favourable opportunity of escape presented itself. His own neutral character enabled him to pass unmolested through the lines of friends and foes, by whom his beasts were often called into requisition, during these troubled times, without much profit to their owner. Months, however, elapsed, before he could convey intelligence of Raymond's safety to Emily or her uncle.

CHAPTER VI.—BRINGS OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER, AND OUR NARRATIVE TO AN ENDING.

WE must now request our readers to pass over the period intervening between the last date of our narrative, and the arrival of Sir Arthur Wellesley's troops in Spain. The victory of Talavera was won, and the news of his countryman's success filled Raymond with joy. He now felt a hope of soon returning to Madrid and seeing his friends once more. Nor is it to be wondered at, that he readily set out to join the British ranks as a volunteer, accompanied by the faithful Perico, as guide and companion. Their route lay towards the frontiers of Portugal, whither the British troops had retired to recruit themselves after their late severe engagement. By sunset on the third day, they reached a magnificent mountain gorge, which his guide informed Raymond was often the scene of guerilla forays in days gone by, and which, even then, was not altogether free from certain gentry, who made rather free, betimes, with their neighbour's property. The sun's last rays were slanting across the mountain, and shone full in their faces, as they turned a sharp angle of the ravine. This it seems was the signal for the attack of which they were presently made the objects. The sharp ring of a rifle echoed through the hills, and Perico fell. Still Raymond saw no enemy. The next moment, however, he was in the grasp of a powerful man, who called on him to "deliver" at once, as resistance was useless. In a second, two comrades were by his side, and Raymond thought he recognised the features of one of them, who held the recently-discharged rifle still smoking in his hand. To grapple with such odds seemed hopeless; still Raymond, without a moment's thought, dashed at one of his assailants, maddened by the murderous attack on his companion, and resolved, if die he must, to sell his life as dearly as possible. The opponent whom he had singled out, fell beneath his well-directed blow; but he was soon disabled by the two others, and would, beyond all dispute, have the next instant fallen

a victim to the glistening poniard already brandished over him, when a second report rang through the valley, and the body of his antagonist fell at his feet.

"*Thonomanthial*, ye rascally murderers, do ye mane to kill him out an' out, and he down already?" cried a rich Munster voice, and another of the astonished assailants—now themselves the assailed—went down beneath the vigorous blow of the speaker.

"O milé murder! They thought not to lave a sup in him, the cowardly vagabones!" and a kick, which sent the third sprawling to some distance, accompanied this second exclamation.

The speaker was, by this time, joined by several of his comrades, and on Raymond's recovery from the stupor into which a severe blow had thrown him, he perceived a sergeant of dragoons, wearing the British uniform, kneeling beside him.

"Blessed hour! masher Raymond *asthore*! maybe 'tis yourself," were the first words he heard from his deliverer, and the poor fellow's eyes streamed with tears of unspeakable gladness, as Senan Dillon raised his foster-brother, and clasped him to his heart in ecstasy.

"Oh, thank God, I met you at last, an' at sich a time, whin these cursed haythins wor goin' to murder you clane out. Oh the gallows hangmen! the yellow Mullottes!" and Senan jumped again with sheer joy at having saved a life so dear to him. But the present was not the time for its indulgence. Poor Perico, who had hitherto escaped the attention of the dragoons, or was taken by them for one of the banditti, must be looked after. His wound, which was fortunately not of a fatal character, was soon bandaged, under the superintendence of Raymond and Senan; and, as he was yet too weak to be removed, they laid him down beneath a large mulberry tree, where they now proceeded to hold a sort of preliminary court-martial on their prisoners.

One of them was already beyond reach of all earthly jurisdiction. Another was severely wounded, while the third stood trembling in the grasp of a stout corporal, who awaited the sergeant's orders.

Perico, despite his pain, uttered an exclamation of joy at sight of the latter. The prisoner was no other than the brother of the celebrated Sabocha, whose gang had often rifled his mules of their merchandise, while Raymond recognised, in the same individual, no less a personage than Don Jose de Rabiera, the pretended patriot, who had organised the revolt that had cost him so dearly. The evidence of his wounded companion, however, introduced him in a new character, that of a French spy; and, on his statement, he was sent, under escort, to the quarters of the commander-in-chief, where his treason soon after met with its due reward.

Raymond had now time to ask Senan several questions about home, and his replies filled him with alternate joy and sorrow. His stepmother was still living in Shannon view, but was no longer Mrs. De Burgh. She had married a countryman of her own, named Craig, who was employed, by a neighbouring proprietor in the drainage of his estate. But, according to Senan, Mr

Craig was likely to drain the widow's purse sooner than the estate. Day or night he was scarcely sober, and, to use Senan's own words, was now "so shuck, that he wouldn't get a glass of potheen or a pin'orth of tobacco in thrast, all over the parish." "An' as for masher Ulick," continued the narrator, "he was the dickins all out. There was no gettin' any good of him, no bounds to him. They sint him to a Prodistant school in Ennis, but he was turned out ov it for bad behavior, after one quarther."

"Bad news, indeed, Senan," remarked his hearer, with a sigh, "but you have, as yet, told me nothing of yourself. How did you come to Spain? I mean, what induced you to enlist?"

"Be Gor, sir, sure enough; I was aneer forgettin' that," returned Senan. "Well, when the masher died—the heavins be his bed—the mistress turned myself and the mother out of our little houldin', and we had nowhere to go, till Father Magrath—God be good to him!—gave us a little patch of a haggard an' the grass of a cow; and we lived there purty comfortable till my mother died, and Father Magrath died—the Lord rest all their souls!—and the little spot got out of lase, an' I was again on the *shaughraun*, without house or home, an' that's how I kem to 'list, misther Raymond. 'Tis little, you know, I cared for the Sassanachs, but what else could I do?"

"Why, you seem to have done very well, Senan," replied Raymond, "I see you have already got a sergeant's sash and three stripes."

"Yes, sir; but I couldn't help that same. 'Twas at Vimiera I got em, last harvest, for savin' the colonel's life, when three or four cowardly Frinchmin attacked him single hand."

"And I suppose you have been at Talavera, also?"

"Tallyvra, sir! oh, be Gannies, sure enough I was there, an' how any mother's soul of us ever kem' alive out of it, is a merracle to myself. 'Twas the hottest July day I ever spint, I was sure we'd all get faver after it,—the Lord betune us and harm! But 'tis gettin' late s'r, and I think we'd better be pushin' tow'rd's head quarters. I'm sure Major Eevens will be proud to see your mother's son."

"Evens, did you say?—why he must be a relative of mine."

"Isn't he a third cousin of your mother's people, sir? Sure the Lacy's an' th' Eevenses is all one," replied Senan, with an air of astonishment, as any doubt being thrown on the proximity of the relationship.

Two months after the occurrence of this evening, Raymond was a cornet in the troop to which his foster-brother was attached. His promotion was as rapid as his gallantry was remarkable, at Busaco, Albuera, Badajoz, and Salamanca; and when he again entered Madrid, he rode as captain at the head of his troop.

But Madrid was sadly changed. His uncle and sister—the latter, now a nun—received him with as much joy as if he had returned from the grave; and Senan, too, met with a hearty welcome, and was often

regaled, during his stay, in the kitchen of St. Isidore's. But where was Magdalena's welcome? Where was Don Diego's, and Lorenzo's? The latter was sleeping in the Campo Santo, and no one could give him the address of the former. Even old Miguel, his head clerk, had heard from him but once since his departure. He was then in Mexico, with some distant relatives.

Three years later, Raymond entered Paris, after the victory of Waterloo. But the barbarous execution of the gallant Ney disgusted him with military life, or rather, with the service of those who were the abettors of what he could never look on in any light but that of murder. Throwing up his commission, he retired with the full rank of Major, resolved to pass the rest of his days in France, or Ireland. With this intent, he took lodgings in a quiet part of the city, and spent his time agreeably enough in the society of some brother-officers, who, like himself, had quitted the service.

One evening, towards the close of autumn, as he was returning alone from the café where he usually met his friends, his attention was arrested by loud cries for help proceeding from the next street. In a second he was on the spot, where he perceived the figure of a female lying senseless on the ground, and two powerful-looking individuals struggling with a single gendarme, who seemed endeavouring to protect her.

"*Au secours, Monsieur, pour l'amour de Dieu!*" cried the gendarme on seeing him, "the lady is, I fear, dying, and the old gentleman is badly wounded."

A blow from Raymond sent one of the assailants reeling to a considerable distance, where he escaped in the crowd. The other, however, was not so fortunate. Pointing a pistol at the gendarme's head, he pulled the trigger, but his weapon missed fire, and the next instant he fell a corpse on the officer's sword.

In a few seconds the street was crowded; and the old gentleman and his daughter—for such she was—were conveyed to the nearest hotel. They had, it seems, been dariangly waylaid, by two young men of a seemingly respectable class, who not only robbed the old gentleman of all the money and valuables on his person, but even endeavoured to separate his daughter from him. In his effort to protect her, the old man was struck senseless by one of the ruffians, whose other arm encircled the fainting form of his child; and, but for the timely arrival of Raymond, it is probable the gendarme would not be able to hold out long against his two assailants. Without paying any attention to the man who fell, Raymond hastened to render whatever assistance he could to the lady and her father, and what was his surprise, his ecstasy, when, on recovering from the swoon into which she had fallen, the large dark eyes of Magdalena de Leva met his own. In her death-like pallor he had not known her—now there was no mistaking her. But what, again, was his amazement, when on recognizing him, she withdrew the hand with a shudder, which he held clasped so fondly in his own, and with a shriek sought protection from the by-standers.

"Don't you know me, Magdalena?" asked Raymond, almost beside himself; "is it thus we meet?"

Her dark eye again met this, and with another scream, she called for her father, and wildly scanned the apartment, as if in search of him.

"He is safe, dearest!" said Raymond, "a little stunned, but there is no danger."

"Oh! take me to him; I will not go with you:" cried the still half-unconscious, terrified girl.

A little remonstrance on the part of the females of the hotel calmed her, and she consented to remain quiet, till such time as the physician, who assured her of his safety, deemed it prudent for her to see her father. With a night's rest her feverish excitement subsided; and, when Raymond was permitted to see her the next morning, he found her quite calm, the same gentle Magdalena as of old, weeping, and again smiling thro' her tears, as they talked of happy days long ago in Madrid. She could never satisfactorily account for her strange conduct towards him on their first meeting, after so long a separation, save that her disordered brain led her to imagine, that it was Raymond himself that strove to take her away from her father. It was certainly some one very like him.

A few days restored our old acquaintance Don Diego; but he never permanently recovered the shock he received. His remaining years were spent with Raymond and Magdalena, whose union he blessed some six months before he died, and to whom he bequeathed the residue of his property, which, notwithstanding his reverses, was considerable. He could never be induced to think of returning to Spain. Indeed, Magdalena had for years refrained from making even the slightest allusion to home, as she observed that the least reference to it filled the old man's eyes with tears. Raymond and she, however returned, after depositing his remains in Père La Chaise, where he wished to be buried; and many a day of tranquil bliss did they enjoy with the good canon and sister Ida, as Emily was now called. She had put on the garb of the sisterhood the day the news of Lorenzo's death reached St. Anne's, and on its second anniversary, made her solemn religious profession, thereby renouncing the world and its joys for evermore.

It only remains to speak of Senan Dillon and our acquaintances at Shannon View, before bringing our narrative to a close. Senan returned to Ireland with the full pension of sergeant-major, but minus the use of his bridle hand, of which a sabre cut had deprived him at Waterloo. He consoled himself, however, for the loss, by thanking God that he could "bless himself at any rate, in spite of the villains." Mrs. Craig died shortly after her second marriage; and her dissipated husband, after making away with the property, returned to Scotland. Of Ulick no one ever heard anything, since he fled the country deeply in debt, about the time of his mother's death. On his return, Senan saw no great inducement for remaining at home. All his friends were "dead and gone," as he said himself. He had lived a long time in Spain, and liked the living there, and back to Spain he resolved to go, to live and die with the Major, as he told his acquaintances. But he

did not travel alone. There was an old friend in Thonmond gate, whose name he often wished changed to Dillon. Shrovetide, at length, gave effect to that wish, and our friend Mrs. Hourigan was deprived of her rosiest Hebe, and the Red Gate of its most attractive domestic ornament. Biddy Grimes became Mrs. Dillon, and on her husband's patron day, the 8th of March, set out for Spain with him. Nor was she long resident in Madrid ere there was a Senan Dillon junior, also a denizen of that city, who, like his father, had a foster-brother likewise called Raymond de Burgh.

Of his step-brother's fate Raymond never learned the least tidings. Had he, however, entered in passing that gloomy little building, which stands near the foot of the Pont St. Michel, almost within the shadow of Nôtre Dame, the morning after his meeting with Magdalena and her father in Paris, he might have recognised him in the person of the young man, who had fallen in a rencontre with the police the night before—and whose stark, livid corpse was now exhibited naked to every curious by-passer, on one of the dripping tables of the Morgue. No one, however, identified him, and after lying exposed the usual time, his remains were handed over to the medical authorities as those of a well-known, yet strange to say, nameless gambler.

ODD PHASES IN SOME POPULAR PHRASES.

BY EDWARD McMAHON.

As there are ancient idioms which, through frequent quotation, scriptory and oral, have been so metamorphosed that not only has their primary signification been inverted, but their very origin been so mystified as to be all but untraceable, so there are modernisms which, under parallel circumstances, become "familiar in our mouths as household words," and passing current for apothegms having the rime of age, are likewise derivatively obscure. In fact it is with sententious wit and wisdom as with their verbal elements, and with both as with the *mode*—

"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old;"

it will, therefore, be neither amiss nor without interest to take up a few representative "saws and modern instances," and endeavour to illustrate their lore, archaic or otherwise, by pointing to their roots, and explaining, where practicable, the manner and time of their growth.

In first, then, proceeding to review sundry idiomatic "chips" which present some analogy to each other in the direct personality of their application, let us see whether we can "put a spoke" in the reader's "wheel," not, however, according to the present mistaken acceptance of the adage. "I'll put a spoke in your wheel," as popularly understood and applied, intends a resolution to thwart or impede another's designs or movements, but this orthography of the final word is certainly erroneous, the antiphrasis of the entire sentence

being the consequence. Dr. Johnson has correctly explained a "spoke" to be the "bar of a wheel that passes from the nave to the felly," a definition which may be illustrated by an excerpt from Shakespeare:—

"All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power,
Break all the spokes and fellies to her wheel,
And bow! the round nave down the hill of Heaven."

Now, how the insertion of a "spoke" in a "wheel" could possibly obstruct its rotatory motion, we are at a loss to conceive, and have little doubt that the original meaning of the phrase was to render a service instead of the reverse, and that it should be written, "I'll put a spoke (*i. e.*, a word) in your wheel (*i. e.* well-being, welfare)." "I'll give you a spoke" is a familiar English expression, denoting an intention to say something to a person's advantage—of course provided the fellow is not a knave! To "pluck a crow" with an individual is another proverb, the true sense of which is often distorted, in a much less degree, however. It is literally to sustain an argument upon an unprofitable subject, and was occasioned by the circumstance that birds of the corvine species are not edible, and therefore not worth plucking. Any futile controversy was designated by the Romans a "*disputatio de lanâ caprinâ*," a debate about goat's wool, or nothing. The nominal similitude, from the form of its beak, of an iron lever, has given rise to endless verbal quibbles. Plautus, in one of his dramas, has a metaphor of this class, evidencing the remote antiquity of the saying, and Shakespeare, who even upon the most serious occasions did not disdain a paronomasia, or a play upon words, in his "*Comedy of Errors*" "palters with us in a double sense," on a like occasion.

Antipholus.—Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

Dromio.—A crow without a feather! master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin there's a fowl without a feather; If a crow helps us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Antipholus.—Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Animals as well as birds are as prominent characters in many of our colloquial aphorisms as in the fables of *Æsop*, or rather *Babrius*, for the researches of modern antiquaries prove that the first-named personage, if not altogether mythic himself, is at any rate *not* the author of the instructive fictions which have been so long identified with his name. "First catch your hare" is an admonitory adage always attributed to Mrs. Glasse, but which, in reality, is of indefinite antiquity. It was certainly in vogue long before that worthy *maitresse d'art d'appreter les viandes* was ever thought of, for Bracton, in his "*De Legibus Angliæ*," cites it as being a common saying in the reign of Henry III. (1216-72,) or upwards of five hundred and fifty years ago. His words are—"Et vulgariter dicitur, quod primo oportet (*sic*) cervum capere, et post eum captum fuerit illum escoriare." Akin to this is the proverb of selling the skin before the bear is caught, whence the term "bears" applied "on 'Change" to stock-brokers who traffic in visionary funds, while those upon whom these "stocks"

are palmed are called, probably in contradistinction, "bulls;" the practice and the epithets originated in the South Sea Stock transactions in 1720. To "buy a pig in a poke," that is in a pouch or sack, from the Anglo-Saxon "*pocca*," is to make a blind bargain—to buy anything unseen, or as the French say, "*acheter chat en poche*," to purchase a cat in a bag. In the "*Canterbury Tales*," Chaucer thus alludes to such porcine receptacles:—

"And in the flore, with nose and mouth to brok,
They walwe, as dow two pigges in a poke."

Grafton also, in his play of "*Henry VI.*" has this passage in illustration of another proverb, which says: "When the pig is offered hold up the poke," that is, never refuse a favourable chance or offer.

"In this lucky tyme, also, no lesse occasion of victorie was offered to the Englishmen beyng in another part, if when the pigge had bene profered they had opened the poke."

To "go the whole hog," is literally a convivial determination to spend an entire shilling, and hence figuratively not to be chary of expense, the "hog" being a facetious Irish synonym for that coin, as "tester" is for a sixpence. Previous to the year 1825, when the Irish currency was completely assimilated to the English, a "white hog" was equivalent to an English shilling or twelve pence, and a "black hog" to the Irish shilling, or thirteen pence. To "let the cat out of the bag," is a phrase, the origin of which is clear. Insects are occasionally employed to "point the moral" of popular saws. Thus anything done when the fancy prompts a person, there being no apparent motive for the act, is said to be done "when the maggot bites." The Scotch say of any person whose proceedings are at all eccentric, that he has "a bee in his bonnet;" the French observe, "*Avoir des rats dans la tête*." To return, however, to our phrases personal. The expression, "hauling over the coals," otherwise "roasting," dates back to the feudal days of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and the system of "suasion" designed by the barons to exact treasure from the Jews. Sufferance was then, in truth, the badge of their tribe, for the victims were suspended above slow fires, until they either complied with the demands of the mailed and belted robbers, or expiated their inability to do so with their lives. "In spite of your teeth," is a coteremporary saying, and of kindred source. King John (1199-1216), on the demur of a wealthy Israelite to forfeit ten thousand marks, adjudged him, although it does not appear that he had complained of odontalgia, to lose a molar daily until he consented to "stump up," which he did in a week rather than be wholly edentated, or to such an extent that his utterance would be "mere gibberish," a phrase which was originally used to distinguish the doctrines of Geber, a celebrated professor of occult chemistry, who flourished in the eighth century. This disciple of Hermes Trismegistus maintained that all metals were subject to disease, which was only curable by pure gold, and that this was likewise a panacea for mortal maladies, the secret of propagating it, in common with the generation of plants, being, moreover,

discoverable by man. In support of these hypotheses, he wrote not less than five hundred treatises or *Geberish*. And, *par parenthèse*, the interval of nearly eleven centuries has far from weakened the universal belief in the potentiality of the precious metal, for now-a-days, as of old,

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames?"

Nor is the alchymic school without its modern professors. We have read in a recent German work, from the pen of a certain "Christopher Girtanner, Ph. D.," of the University of Gottingen, a prophecy to the effect that the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practised in the twentieth century, when every chemist and every artist will create gold *go léor*, so that even culinary utensils will be formed of it, and the span of human existence, at present abbreviated by the oxides of copper, lead, and iron, which leave the shadow of the grim destroyer in the pot, thereby extended far beyond the Psalmist's threescore and ten! In the meantime, pending this golden age, as the world goes, any one having a little of the milk of mortal benevolence and a plethoric purse, is undoubtedly worth "scraping an acquaintance" with. This saw has been assigned a classic nativity. The Emperor Hadrian, whose reign during the second century must be regarded as one of the happiest periods in Roman history, upon one occasion entering a public bath, recognised in an old soldier of the imperial army, who was scraping himself with a tile in lieu of a flesh-brush, a fellow-campaigner. Impressed with the incident, and commiserating the necessity that drove one who had fought "*like a brick*" in defence of the "S.P.Q.R.," to punicate himself *with* one, the emperor directed the veteran to be presented with a handsome largess in money and toilet requisites. The story was soon bruited abroad, and when Hadrian again visited the establishment, he found dozens of old soldiers energetically engaged in a similar process of cutaneous tile attrition. He understood the hint, and as he withdrew wittily observed: "Scrape one another, gentlemen, you will not scrape acquaintance with me!" "None of your chaff," is literally none of your nonsense or worthless talk, although "*to chaff*," is more correctly "*to chafe*," or anger. Amongst the matrimonial customs peculiar to Rhineland, it is usual for lovers to affix branches of hawthorn to the casements of their sweethearts on May-eve. Those young ladies, however, who are not so fortunate as to have admirers, or have arrived at a certain age, have a quantity of *chaff* strewn by the malicious or waggish over their thresholds. It frequently occurs that some of the demoiselles thus disesteemed succeed in "*turning the tables*"—a phrase traceable to the game of backgammon, which was formerly called "*the tables*," and which were said to be turned upon a player to whom the fortune of the game was adverse—upon their rivals, by displacing the hawthorn from their windows, and substituting the distasteful exterior integuments of the corn. This may have originated the idiom of "*chaffing an old maid*." To "*quizz*," or jest with a serious coun-

tenance, is a pure Hibernianism. When the well-known Richard Daly was lessee of the old Theatre-Royal, Dublin, his society was much coveted by the wits and men of fashion of the day. Upon one of their social reunions, the discourse turned upon peculiar words and phrases, and the difficulties besetting their satisfactory etymology, when Daly made a bet that within four and twenty hours he would introduce a word into the English language that would be totally devoid of meaning, and the derivation of which it would be impossible to trace to any dialect, living or dead. Accordingly, at the termination of the performances on that evening, he despatched all the inferior *employés* of the theatre through the metropolis, with directions to inscribe the word "*quizz*," in chalk or white paint, wherever practicable. The next day happened to be Sunday, when the streets were more than usually thronged, and of course, the word became the subject of surprise and remark all over Dublin. Every one inquired the explanation of "*quizz*," but none could solve the mystery, and thenceforth, whenever a grave attempt was made to ventilate a strange story, it invariably elicited the sceptical rejoinder, "*you are quizzing me!*"

It may not be improper here to notice that the graves with which the legs of convicts were formerly fettered acquired the name of "*slangs*," from the manner in which they were "*slung*" from the ground by a string, so as not to impede the wearer's progress, whose vocabulary hence came to be characterised as "*slang*," the term being afterwards extended to a certain class of popular words and phrases. An essay to trace the etymology of all such idioms would be as utopian a task as to think to embroider a cobweb with a group from the Bayeux Tapestries, and has before now involved many an antiquary and philologist in a "*brown-study*," a phrase which should be correctly written "*brow-study*," from the German *braune*, a brow,—*au* in that dialect having the sound of the *ou* in our word "*our*," as in *Austerlitz*, Anglicised *Ousterlitz*. Nevertheless, the origin of some of these proverbial sayings is sufficiently strange. Who would imagine, for instance, that that apparently unmeaning expression, "*just the cheese*," used when anything specific is pointed out, is simply an Orientalism, meaning "*just the thing*," *cher*: being the Hindustani for the latter word? And, by the bye, that mortuary phrase, "*gone to pot*" is likewise affirmed to be an Asiatic importation. A tailor, a "*fellow of infinite jest*," of Samarcand, the birthplace and royal city of Timur-leng, or Timur the Great, who lived in the vicinity of a cemetery, had by his counter an earthen vessel into which he was accustomed to cast a pebble whenever a corpse was carried past, and by this means ascertained the number of daily interments. At length "*his place knew him no more*," and the neighbours, in answer to every interrogatory as to the cause, replied, that he himself had "*gone to pot*," or as we say, "*kicked the bucket*," from the tradition of a wealthy cooper, noted for his idiosyncrasies, who hung himself to a beam while standing upon an inverted pail, which he then spurned from beneath him. And talking of

tailors, reminds us that we may find the origin of the saying, "nine tailors makes a man," in a work called "Democritus in London; with the Mad Pranks and Comical Conceits of Motley and Robin Goodfellow." Here it is:—

"There is a proverb which has been of old,
And many men have likewise been so told,
To the discredit of the Taylor's trade,
Nine Taylors goe to make up a man, they said.
But for their credit I'll unriddle it t'ye:
A draper once fell into povertie,
Nine Taylors join'd their purses together then,
To set him up, and make him a man agen."

It was formerly the general custom, and in many localities is still, to keep accounts by aid of the "tally," a stick cut or notched in conformity with another stick, the vender and purchaser each retaining one. In Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," the host observes: "I tell you what, Launce, his man told me he loved her out of all *nick*," in other words, beyond all reckoning, and Stevens, in annotating the passage, cites these lines from Rowley's play of "A Woman Never Vexed":—

"I have carried
The tallies at my girdle seven years together,
For I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick*."

To this primitive method of noting particular occurrences, we owe the expression, "in the nick of time." "Robbing Peter to pay Paul," is a phrase of the time of Edward VI., 1547-53, at which period many of the ecclesiastical endowments of St. Peter's at Westminster, were confiscated to the service of sundry favourite ministers and courtiers, who, to reconcile the people to the peculation, were fain to appropriate a portion of them to the restoration of St. Paul's church. The character of a person's esteem or friendship is in general determined by the manner of his greeting, especially with regard to a shake of the hand, whence we have the depreciatory remark, "no great shakes," which may be illustrated by a verse from "Ritson's Miscellanies."

"For the hand of the heart is the index, declaring,
If well or if ill, how its master will stand;
I heed not the tongue of its friendship that's swearing,
I judge of a friend by the shake of his hand!"

Of course, for one who is "no great shakes," few will "care a fig." Although this phrase is common to every European language, it is radically Italian, and dates from the memorable revolt of the Milanese against the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, whose empress was expelled from that city with much contempt. Upon its subsequent reduction by Frederick, the principal actors in the outrage to his wife were compelled, on threats of torture, to ignominiously swallow a fig on the scaffold, and at the same time to repeat to the executioner the words, "Ecco la fica," from which circumstance, "far la fica" became an Italian term of contemptuous derision, and was adopted by other nations. The expression "tuft hunters," was formerly applied to those students of the various universities, who, in hopes of preferment and place, paid court to the scions of aristocratic

families, who were distinguished by the tufts or tassels in their college caps. Driving "tandem," the popular designation of a vehicle when drawn by a pair of horses, one in advance of the other, is a piece of classical slang, for which we are also indebted to some of the universities, *tandem* being a Latin word implying "at length," whence the allusion to the peculiar equine arrangement. In contrast to "tuft-hunters," must be noticed the mushroom class known as "upstarts," or "startups." Startups were originally the laced gaiters worn by heralds and pursuivants, and subsequently the title for rough high-topped boots, whence figuratively for those who donned them, and affected airs which their antecedents did not warrant. In the old verses called "Thynne's Debate," we find an illustration, as well as evidence that the pegged-sole boots, so fashionable a few years since, and generally considered to have been an American "idea," is no modern invention—another example of there being nothing new under the sun.

"A pair of startups had he on his feet,
That laced were unto the small o' the leg;
Homely they were, and easier than meet,
And in their soles full many a wooden peg."

Tuft-hunters and startups (Irish representatives of these orders especially) sometimes come to grief, and are necessitated to "eat humble pie," the exact orthography of which is "umble pie," without the aspirate, it having been formerly made from the "umbles" or viscera of deer, which were the perquisites of the gamekeeper, who gave them to the poor, whence it was synonymous with poverty, and afterwards suggestive of any sort of degradation, so it behoves them to "mind their P's and Q's." This aphorism has not originated, as many suppose, in the custom of suspending a slate behind an ale-house bar upon which to inscribe the number of pints and quarts (P's and Q's) consumed by each customer who has credit, but from the printing-office, where the similarity in form of the "lower case" or small "p" and "q" in a fount of Roman letter is always perplexing to the typographical novice, especially in "distributing" or "throwing into case" a mixed heap of type technically known as "pie." And, anent typography, may be noted the expression "rat-office," applied to an establishment in which work is executed at less than the regular scale prices of the trade. The phrase "to rat," or desert one's party, originated from the well-known sagacity of rats in forsaking ricketty tenements or vessels that are likely to founder. Thus Prospero in the "Tempest"—

"In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
A rotten carcass of a boat—the very rats
Instinctively had quit it."

The agnomen of "rats" was first levelled at the partizans of the Stuart dynasty who abandoned its unstable fortunes for those of the House of Hanover, from the circumstance, that shortly after the accession of George I., the brown, that is the German or Norwegian rat—although why so called it would be difficult to explain, seeing that they were first brought to England and Ireland from the East in 1730,—being much

stronger and multiplying more rapidly than the black or aboriginal rats, speedily nearly extirpated the latter, which are now seldom seen. The epithet soon acquired a more extended signification, and came to be applied to those whose political or religious creeds underwent any unforeseen and mercenary change. Such renegades are frequently deservedly the recipients of "fiddlers' pay," which in these degenerate days is said to consist of "more kicks than halfpence." However, twelve centuries since, "a fit of mirth for a groat" was a common saying, evidencing that that coin was the accustomed requital of the votaries of Terpsichore to the Paganinis and minstrels of the period. This led to the groat being distinguished as "fiddlers' money," and to the present day, if an unusual number of fourpences or sixpences happen to be received in change, they are nearly sure to suggest the observation, "what a lot of fiddlers' money!"

Thus far have we briefly traversed the desert in which our proverbial idioms vegetate. If not altogether a *terra incognita*, it certainly has hitherto been but very imperfectly explored, and we therefore trust, with the reader's permission, to be enabled to renew our philological and antiquarian rambles therein at some future period. We may add, in conclusion, that there is a class of popular phrases whose meanings in their present forms are either totally obscure or evidently in discordance with their derivations, simply in consequence of *corruptions arising from sound*. Of these we have pertinent examples in "dandelion," instead of *dent-de-lion*, referring to the form of the leaf; "country-dance" for *contre-danse*, alluding to the position of the dancers; "Jerusalem artichoke" for *Girasole artichoke*, from its resemblance to the passion flower, in Italian, *Gira al sole*; "forced-meat balls," a medley of a variety of viands, for *farced-meat balls*, from the Latin verb *farcire*, to stuff or cram; "sparrow-hawk," or rock-hawk, for *spar-hawk*, etc. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to observe, that such colloquialisms could not with propriety be included within the scope of a paper like the present.

THE FIRST AND EIGHTH LORDS OF FERMOY.

A ROMANCE OF THE PEEBAGE.

BY ROBERT D. JOYCE.

It was a fine June morning in the year 1216. The sun shone down merrily on river and shore, and gleamed brilliantly from the accoutrements of a herald, who, attended by two squires, was riding leisurely through the green forest towards the strong castle of Glanworth, in the county Cork, at that time possessed by Sir William Flemming, Baron of Fermoy. This Sir William Flemming was one of those hardy Norman adventurers, who came to Ireland under Strongbow, earl of Pembroke, and who, after fighting in many a hard battle against the natives, at last gained for himself the fair district of Fermoy, built in the centre of it the great

castle of Glanworth, on the banks of the Funcheon, and there sat down to spend the remainder of his life in peace and in the enjoyment of his hard-won possessions.

But perfect peace rarely falls to the lot of man. Sir William Flemming had an only child, his daughter Amy, celebrated both for her beauty and her goodness, and whose hand soon became sought for in marriage by many of the powerful chiefs around. Amy Flemming, however, was as hard to be pleased in a husband as she was good and beautiful, and refused all their offers. Among her suitors was Sir William Cantoun, or Condou, a knight of Norman-Welsh descent, whose father had won for himself the barony of Condons adjoining that of Fermoy. This Sir William resided in great state at the strong castle of Cloghlea, whose ruins may yet be seen standing on a high limestone rock above the Funcheon, a few miles from its junction with the noble Blackwater. It was from him that the herald and his two attendants were now approaching Sir William Flemming's castle of Glanworth. A ford at this time crossed the river, where now rise the arches of the narrow and picturesque bridge a short distance below the castle. Through this ford the herald and his attendants dashed their horses merrily across, and approaching the principal gate or barbican of the castle, demanded admittance in the name of their master, Sir William Cantoun. They were admitted with all the deference and courtesy accorded in those chivalric days to a herald, and conducted into the great hall, where they requested an audience from Sir William Flemming.

"I come," said the herald, as the stout old baron made his appearance "with two presents from my lord of Cloghlea. This pearl chaplet he bids me offer thy daughter, the lady Amy, and demands through me her hand in marriage. In case she refuse his present and his offer, I am commissioned to offer thee this!" and he produced a steel gauntlet which he laid before the baron of Fermoy upon the great hall table.

"To my daughter I leave the acceptance or rejection of such gauds" answered Sir William Flemming, "we will call her into thy presence, and see how she takes thy suit. Now," continued he, as the fair Amy, attended by two of her maids, came into the hall, "make thine offer again, and I will abide by her decision!"

"Lady Amy," said the herald, "my master, Sir William Cantoun, sends thee this fair chaplet, and asks thee to become lady of Cloghlea and the green woods around it. What is thine answer?"

Amy looked for a moment at her father, but saw in his face no expression by which she could judge one way or the other of his sentiments.

"Take it back," she said at length, as she drew up her fair and stately figure. "The knight whose iron mace is ever raised oppressively over the heads of the poor peasantry—whose hand is red always with unjust blood—he shall be no husband of mine! Thou hast my answer!" and with a haughty and indignant look at the herald, she withdrew with her maids.

"And now," said Sir William Flemming, as his daughter left the hall "to me it is left to pay thee due courtesy. I accept this," and he took up the steel glove with a grim smile. "Tell thy master to come as speedily as he lists, and that I and my cross-bow men and riders-at-arms will give him the reception that befits his state from the ramparts of Glanworth."

And so the herald again crossed the ford, and with the rejected chaplet of pearls, rode back to his master.

But it seems that Sir William Flemming miscalculated the power and influence possessed at that time by the fiery baron of Cloghlea. These were days, when in Ireland and in fact throughout every country in Europe, the strong hand with lance and sword, held the place that the law holds at the present period. Each lord and baron was his own lawgiver—a petty prince, who, after paying his tribute to the government, held himself absolved from all other obligations, and ruled his territories and made war and peace with his neighbours according to the dictates of his own will. And so it was with Sir William Cantoun.

That night the warder, as he looked from his watch-tower on the summit of Glanworth castle, could see the whole wide plain to the eastward ablaze with the signal fires of the wrathful baron of Cloghlea. During several succeeding nights the same portentous fires threw up their lurid glare into the calm still sky, and day by day, by castle, and town, and hamlet, fierce riders spurred hither and thither to chief and vassal, summoning them to take up arms and back the quarrel of their stout suzerain, till at length a large and formidable army were collected around the castle of Sir William Cantoun. Not content with this gathering, however, he sent to O'Keefe, the native and hereditary chief of the whole country stretching along the northern shore of the Blackwater, and obtained it, together with the aid of another Irish chief equally powerful.*

With this formidable army, Sir William Cantoun marched westward from his castle, and began to lay waste the territories of the baron of Fermoy. After going with fire and sword along all the eastern portion of the district, he at length reached Glanworth Castle, and sat down before its walls to commence a regular siege. A siege in those days was a very different affair from what it has come to be in more modern times. There were then no cannon, and the only method of battering down walls consisted in the use of engines, which, on the introduction of gunpowder, were thrown aside as unavailable in warfare, and of which we now scarcely remember the names. Yet with engine, arbalest, cross-bow, and javelin, Sir William Cantoun plied the castle, till after a few days the besieged were reduced to sore distress. At this stage the baron of Cloghlea again demanded the hand of Amy Flemming, but was, however, again refused.

On the fourth day the sun that lit the fierce faces of

the combatants in and around Glanworth, was also reflected from the points of ten spears that were stuck, handle downward, in the soft sward of a little glade in the midst of the great forest that then clothed the back of that wild mountain range that walls in the territory of Fermoy to the southward, and ends in the romantic peak of Corrin Thierna. Their owners, as many knights, were sitting lazily upon the grass beside them, enjoying their noontide meal, while the horses belonging to the band, were scattered along the glade grazing away in the exercise of the same agreeable occupation. The leader of this group was a young man of great stature and noble bearing, with light-coloured hair, and a fine sun-embrowned visage, that looked all the better from a small white scar that extended obliquely down his high forehead. His name was Richard de Rupe, or Roche. His father Sir Adam de Rupe, after fighting under the banners of Strongbow and Fitzstephen, had come into possession of the barony of Rosscarberry, and there built a magnificent castle on the river Bandon, called Poul-ne-long, whose ruins still remain to attest its former strength and splendour. On his death, his son, Richard de Rupe succeeded him, and was on his way on the day in question to visit another strong castle of his, on the northern frontier of the county Cork. The whole band were chatting gaily upon various subjects as the meal proceeded.

"By my fay!" said Sir Gilbert de Ridenford, a young free companion who had lately crossed the water from the plains of Flanders—"by my knightly word, but methinks we have gotten into an enchanted land. What with forest and lake, and wierd moorland, it looks to my eyes like one of those enchanted regions depicted in some of the romances of the wandering troubadours."

"It is a land," said Sir Richard de Rupe, looking around him, "where, when travelling, if thou keepest not a sharp eye around thee, thou mayest get a good steel skean planted under thy ribs in a trice. The Irishry are a bold and brave race, unlike the plodding hinds of Flanders, Gilbert, and have but small liking for the Norman."

"Ha! ha!" said Sir Gilbert Ridenford, laughing. "I opine so that it was an Irishman that tried his handiwork at thy forehead, and gave thee that handsome scar!"

"It was," answered his leader; "and a brave foe he was too, I can tell thee. He rode at me in a gallant skirmish outside the walls of Cork, and in the onset each of us went down, horse and man. I was but a stripling then, and he too was young; and when we arose to our feet, we set to once more with sword and shield. The end on't was, that he knocked off my helmet, gave me this mark of his handiwork, as thou callest it, and took me prisoner."

"Go!" said he, as I stood before him, my face all over blood, 'thou art too fair a foe to keep in durance!' and he set me free without promise or ransom. He was called the Master of Mourne, one of the Mac Caurha

* Vide Sir Bernard Burke—"Landed Gentry."

clan, and I ever since proved his friend, and stood his sponsor the other day in a trial of battle he had with a Norman knight, in which he again proved the victor!"

"I look in vain around me for sign of human dwelling," said Sir Raymond Cantemar, another young foreigner who had lately come to Ireland. "I hold Sir Gilbert true in what he says of this strange region, and if we come in for adventures by the way, by our Lady, but it must be with other beings than man!"

"The hamlets are scattered pretty closely through the woods nevertheless," said De Rupe, whose knowledge of the country seemed to be rather extensive, "and when we descend into the next plain thou wilt see no lack of human dwellings, and of stout peasants too, on whom, as I have said, thou hadst better keep a wary eye as thou goest along. This river we have yet to cross, from its source to the sea is adorned by many a brave castle, in some of which our comrades in arms are even now holding jovial state."

"Ah!" said another knight, with a lazy yawn, "I wish I could drop from the sky into the possession of one of these fair strongholds!"

"Thou wilt be more likely to take thy departure for the skies in trying to take one of them," remarked another, "for the Irishry hold their own stoutly, and will let no one in save those who are strong enough to rattle up their ramparts sword in hand!" And in such conversation, the little band of knights allowed the sultry hour of noon to pass quietly away.

They were at length disturbed, however, by the appearance of a horseman above them on the bare side of a hill, who came down at full speed upon their left with the intention of making his way downward into the midst of the southern plain.

"A prize! a prize!" exclaimed Sir Gilbert Ridenford and a few other young knights, starting to their feet and buckling on their helmets. "By the hand of the Conqueror, a prize and adventure both!" and they ran towards their steeds, which each mounted at a single bound. Then, catching their spears in their hands, they sat looking towards their leader for liberty to ride after the strange horseman, who was passing them closely on the left without perceiving them.

"Away!" exclaimed Sir Richard de Rupe. "He will be but a small prize indeed, an ye catch him. But if he carry nothing else, he may tell us some news, for every Irishman is chockful of that commodity!"

Away dashed the wild young knights down the woods, till they came to the bottom of a deep valley, through which, by the direction taken by him, they knew that the strange horseman must pass, and there, after about a quarter of an hour's doubling and twisting, they at length captured him, and led him up in triumph to their companions.

"Gold! gold!" shouted one of them derisively, as the captive came sullenly in. "Search him, Sir Gilbert; I will wager he hath a treasure!"

"I will barter my steed, trappings and all, against a

Jew's donkey, but he hath the elixir of life hid in his pocket!" exclaimed another.

"What errand ridest thou?" asked Sir Richard de Rupe, in a commanding but respectful tone, which drew an answer from the captured horseman. He told them the substance of what is related above, and that he was riding southward to the castle of Sir Maurice Fitzgerald to begaid for his master, the baron of Fermoy, in his sore distress.

"There!" said Ridenford; "I told thee an adventure would come of it, and now what is to be done?"

"First to let the courier go," answered de Rupe. "We will hold counsel as we ride along."

The courier waited no further liberty, but turning his horse, rode down through the woods at the same headlong pace with which he came. The result of their consultation, as they rode over the range of mountains and crossed the Blackwater, was, that the nine knights should remain in the forest near, while their leader rode forward to the beleaguered castle of Glanworth, and demand admittance to its lord. The warlike customs of those days were strangely different from those of the present. Sir Richard de Rupe, on reaching the besieging army, at once caused himself to be brought before the baron of Cloghlea, and made his request, which was granted without hesitation and with the utmost courtesy. And thus he was admitted into the castle of Glanworth.

"Sir William Flemming," said he to the old baron, who received him in the hall "I have come to offer thee the service of my arm in thy strait. My father, Adam de Rupe, was, I believe, once thy companion-in-arms."

The baron took his hand with a friendly grasp. "Ah!" he said, "I remember him well, and a brave companion he was. And thou—thou art welcome to my poor hall of Glanworth—although, God wot," continued he with a sad smile, "I fear thy single arm will make but small change in our affairs, for we are indeed sore beset!"

"I have nine other knights at my back," said De Rupe. "Could we not send them word of thy plight, and make a bold sally upon the besiegers, during which they might suddenly mingle with the combatants and get entrance as we withdraw?"

"I fear no entrance can be gained for more than thee," answered Flemming. "Yesterday we tried that ruse, to get in a small body of auxiliaries, but, by my faith, we were well beaten back, and half our expected aid slain! Save that my old friend, Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, come speedily with a large force to relieve us, I fear me there is but small hope for us, for the bloody Cantoun and his followers are pressing us too hotly."

"How long canst thou hold out, in case the aid come?" asked De Rupe, after a pause.

"Not longer than another day, I fear me," answered Flemming. "The foe are in possession of every available spot around the castle, and have already half battered down the gates."

"Then," said De Rupe, after pausing again for some time, "there is but one plan, and that is to offer myself to do battle with axe and sword against Sir William Cantoun for the hand of thy daughter!"

"It is a brave plan," said the baron, "and one that well befits thy father's son. But I have sworn by my knightly word, no matter what haps, to let my daughter choose for herself. If she choose thee for a husband, then I give my consent to the trial by combat, and I doubt not but Cantoun will accept of thy challenge; for whatever else he may be, he assuredly is brave! I will call my daughter, and do thou propose thy plan to her thyself."

The beautiful Amy Flemming was again brought into the hall.

"Fair lady," said De Rupe, "I would wish to woo thee in another and more befitting way, but cannot, as thou seest. Wilt thou consent that I should do battle with Sir William Cantoun for thy hand? With thy bright eyes to look upon me in the struggle, I hope to do my devoir as becomes a knight, and free thy father from his worst foe!"

Amy scanned the fine face and fair proportions of the young knight with a pleased eye. There was but little time for deliberation, for even then they heard the foe hammering at the gate.

"Yes," she said, while a blush of maiden modesty mantled her beautiful face. "My father is now brought to sore distress. An thou relieve him and me from our foe, I will be thy bride!"

That night, notwithstanding the sad case of the besieged, a merry revel was held in the hall of Glanworth castle. The fair Amy sat at the board, and as she talked to the young De Rupe, her heart confirmed the consent she was forced to give so suddenly the preceding evening. The next morning sun shone gaily down upon the many bright objects around the castle—the polished armour of the knights as they stalked to and fro, directing the movements of the besiegers, the waving banners on plain and tower, the light lances of the kern, and the ponderous swords, bucklers, and battle-axes of the heavy footmen, who were now gathering in a mass with scaling-ladders to make a final attack upon the besieged. At this juncture a white flag was suddenly raised from the highest tower of the barbacan, and its appearance caused for a moment a suspension of hostilities on both sides. Immediately after, a herald rode forth from the gate, and demanded to be brought into the presence of the baron of Cloghlea.

"Sir William Cantoun," said the herald, "I come to offer thee single combat on the part of Richard de Rupe, good knight and true, now in the castle, for the hand of the lady Amy!"

"And what if I refuse?" answered the knight of Cloghlea, with a grim smile. "The castle, father and daughter, champion and all, will be soon in my hands without the trouble of trial by combat."

"Then," said the herald, "Sir Richard de Rupe bids me say that he will proclaim thee recreant and coward

through all the lands of Christendom, and false to thy badge of knighthood!"

"That were indeed a hard alternative," answered Cantoun. "But it shall never be said that William of Cloghlea refused the challenge of any mortal man. I accept thy defiance, sir herald, and will meet him at noon with axe and sword, on foot, on this very spot, and in sight of all!"

Noon came, and saw the besiegers all gathering round a level spot outside the barbacan gate of Glanworth, and the besieged with eager faces crowding on the walls to witness the combat, while the beautiful Amy sat with her maids at a high turret window that overlooked the scene, her face pale and her heart throbbing, and her white hands clasped in prayer for the success of her young and gallant champion. What must have been her feelings when at length she saw the two adversaries approach each other warily, under cover of their broad shields, each with axe in hand, poised, and ready to begin the combat.

And now the axes were crossed, and again came down for some time alternately, with loud clanging upon the interposed shields. Hotter and hotter grew the combat, till at last the axe of De Rupe crashed in through the shoulder-plate of Cantoun, making the blood flow out upon his arm and breast. This aroused the fell fury of Sir William Cantoun, who was one of the most celebrated knights of his time for strength and prowess. He raised his axe suddenly as if about to deliver a heavy blow upon the hip of de Rupe, but changing the direction of the stroke, the ponderous weapon came down with full force upon the helmet of his antagonist, making him reel backward a few paces, and at length fall to the ground over the body of a dead archer that lay behind him. Now this archer had been slain in the very act of poisoning his cross-bow, which lay beside him drawn, and with the arrow in, under the very hand of De Rupe as he fell. Whether it was according to the laws of single combat on the part of De Rupe, we will not say, but as he fell he grasped the drawn cross-bow in his hand, raised it as he half lay upon the ground, and discharged it at his adversary as he advanced to despatch him, piercing him with the arrow through one of the joints of his armour. The arrow entered Sir William Cantoun's left side, and pierced in an upward direction through his heart, on which he fell heavily to the ground, and in a few moments expired. His body was borne away with loud lamentations by his sorrowing vassals, O'Keeffe and the other chieftain departed with their followers, and Sir William Flemming was left once more in peaceable possession of his castle and domains. The lovely Amy and her young champion were soon after married. The young knights assisted at the bridal ceremony, and wondered at, and laughed heartily over the good fortune of their leader.

"By my fay!" said Sir Gilbert Ridenford to Cantemar, his brother-in-arms, after they had danced a few merry measures down the great hall—"I told thee this was an

enchanted land. I will ride forth to-morrow in quest of an adventure for myself, and try and win a fair bride like our leader!"

Amy was the sole heiress of Sir William Flemming, and at his death her husband, in her right, succeeded to the possession of the fair territory of Fermoy, which was in his lifetime raised to a lordship. And thus Sir Richard de Rupe or Roche, won those fertile lands, and became the first lord of Fermoy, and the progenitor of a long line of barons distinguished for their princely hospitality, their prowess, and often for their patriotic devotedness to the cause of their native land.

The above relation, from its romantic character, may to many readers appear untrue, yet it can be established by indubitable historical testimony. In the tumultuous times that succeeded the Norman conquest, such incidents were not at all rare, both in this country and in England. When some rich and powerful baron died, for instance, leaving an only daughter as heiress to his possessions, it was not an unusual thing for the English king to take the lady under his protection, and give her, whether she liked it or not, in marriage to one of his favourite nobles. But when more than one of these favourites contended for the lady's hand, the king, instead of disposing of the matter himself, often left the settlement of it to a trial of battle between the rival nobles, the lady thus becoming the bride of him who wielded the best lance in the tourney yard. Instances are also related, where some old Norman, in the decline of his days, proclaimed publicly throughout the land, by mouth of herald, his intention of bestowing his territories and the hand of his daughter, upon the knight who should prove himself victorious over all competitors. Then, from end to end of England, from Ireland, Scotland, and even from the continent, knight after knight came to the place appointed for the tournament, which in every instance ended in the marriage of the victor to the young heiress, with very little regard indeed to the feelings or the affections of the latter. It was well for them when the triumphant champions proved to be those chosen by their own hearts, as Sir Richard de Rupe did with regard to the beautiful Amy Flemming.

Pass we now over a period of some centuries, during which the successive lords of Fermoy lived, loved, fought, and died within their fair territory, like brave Norman-Irish nobles as they were, till we come to that stormy time when this country and the sister island groaned beneath the iron rule of the victorious usurper, Cromwell. Maurice, eighth viscount Fermoy, was at this time a man in the prime of life. His father David, after suffering severely in the great Desmond insurrection of 1598, was recompensed for his losses in the succeeding reign. Several large grants of land, partly from the forfeited estates of the earl of Desmond, were given him by James the First, and living peaceably for a long period in his ancestral home, he at length became one of the richest noblemen in Ireland. After the accession of the unfortunate Charles to the throne of England, and the

breaking out of the great insurrection of 1641 in Ireland, this David retired to France with his family, and a regiment he had raised within his own territory, and there died, leaving his estates, worth, it is said, fifty thousand pounds yearly, to his eldest son Maurice, the eighth lord of Fermoy.

The estates to which Maurice succeeded were, however, in a very insecure position from the sad state of the country at the time. North and south, east and west, the baleful fires of war were glaring redly throughout the land. Sanctimonious Puritan, hot-headed native chief, and cautious noble of the Pale, were then battling with savage ferocity, some for the rebellious Parliament, some for the weal of their native land, some for the unfortunate King Charles, and a great many, with sorrow be it said, for themselves, and for their own aggrandizement.

Among those that held stoutly and faithfully to the last, to the colours of both king and country, was Maurice of Fermoy. When the oppressed Catholics at length banded together, formed the confederation, and sent their deputies to Kilkenny to redress their wrongs, Viscount Fermoy took his place in the parliament then formed among the peers, while several gentlemen of his own name attended the commons. This was in the stormy year 1646. After the breaking up of the confederation, Viscount Fermoy, with many of the gentlemen of his house, again took up arms against Cromwell and his generals; but gained by his loyalty only defeat and forfeiture. He and most of his relations were outlawed, and

"When all was done that man could do,
And all was done in vain,"

he fled an outlawed man to Flanders, and thus lost the castled home and fair patrimony won so gallantly by his great ancestor, Sir Richard de Rupe. We will follow him a little further, however, and show how faithfully he still adhered to his unscrupulous monarch, and how he was rewarded for his devotedness.

In a somewhat small room in an ancient Flemish town, towards the close of the last year of King Charles II's banishment, that monarch sat with a few of his exiled nobles around a table, on one end of which were arranged the materials for a supper. Charles and his comrades at this time led a somewhat rakish life, notwithstanding their poverty and their many troubles. On the evening in question, he and two of his favourites were sitting at the head of the table, and deeply engaged in a game, then very fashionable, namely, *primero*. A small heap of gold coins was placed before each of the players, while another—the stake—lay at the foot of the little lamp that gave them light for their game. A jovial smile played over the features of the "merry monarch," as he raised the last card of his deal, and threw it triumphantly upon those of his companions.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, laughing, "two hearts—two hearts, and my bonnie ace, upon their necks! By my sovereign word, an' I win this, I shall be a second

Cresus ere the morning! The game is mine!" and he swept the stake over to his side.

"My lord," said one of the players, smiling, "fortune seems to smile continually upon thy head to-night. And touching that same golden monarch your majesty was pleased to name just now; had we him here, thou wert sure to succeed to his treasures. But with us poor spendthrifts, thou wilt not be much richer an thou win all our store!"

"By my father's wise head, no!" said the monarch, glancing at the diminutive heaps of gold. "But, come, another game, and a fig for dame Fortune, that will not stand to me in sterner play than this!" and he took up the cards, and began shuffling and dealing them with no inexpert hand.

Game after game now, however, went against the monarch. The heap of gold, whose size he had augmented in the beginning of the evening, now began to dwindle away gradually, till at last he was reduced to one solitary coin. The cards were dealt once more, and began to fly down quickly upon the table.

"Now, for a dash in dame Fortune's face!" said the king, as he held again his last card in his hand, and threw it—"ha! by my kingly hand, lost—lost!" continued he, as he saw the game go against him. "And now, to borrow—to borrow, who will lend?"

"Borrow and beg!" exclaimed the young nobleman to his left, with a careless laugh, "by my knightly word, but they are trades we are all expert in now-a-days. I will become your majesty's treasurer for the present, and unlike the stubborn, crop-eared parliament, supply thy wants to the uttermost of my poor means;" and he commenced to hand over the greater part of his supply to the king. At that moment a lackey entered the apartment, and stood respectfully near the door.

"Ha! Hilson, what now?" said the king, after arranging the little heap of gold before him.

"Sire," answered the attendant, "a gentleman is now in the waiting-room, who craves speech with your majesty."

"His name—his name?" inquired the king, with a lazy yawn.

"He gave no name, sire," answered the attendant, "but he bade me tell your majesty that he was your friend of Mayence."

"My friend of Mayence," said the king. "Ah!" continued he to his companions, "I have good reason to remember him. He is one of my wild Irish lords, who, not content to lose his patrimony in my cause, still contrives to help me in my troubles. Marry! I would wish there were many like him. Send him into our presence, Hilson—but ere he comes," and he gave a light and careless laugh, "we must put our trumps and aces from before his roving eyes. Away with them, for I know what he brings; and now to supper."

The cards were removed by one of the young noblemen, and the king and his companions were seated innocently at supper as the stranger entered. The latter was muffled in the long military cloak of the period, and as he stepped over respectfully and dropped on his one knee before the king, the young noblemen could not help casting a glance of approval at each other at his stately bearing, tall figure, and handsome bronzed countenance.

"Arise, my lord of Fermoy," said the king, "thou art welcome to our poor lodging. It grieves us we cannot welcome thee in better state, but come—arise and partake with us of this sorry fare our rebellious subjects have driven us to subsist on!"

"My liege," answered Maurice, lord of Fermoy, for it was he, "before I rise, let me present your majesty with this," and he produced a heavy bag of gold from under his long cloak. "It is the poor pay of myself and some of my kinsmen. Small as it is—it is all we have—I trust it may relieve thy necessities for a short time. A day will soon come, I trust, when thou wilt hold thine own again, and have small need of the poor contributions of thy devoted subjects!" and he laid the bag of gold upon the table before the king.

"We accept of it, my lord of Fermoy," said the king, raising him "and with the more pleasure, that the day is coming—yes, times are changing momentarily in our favour—when we can recompense thee tenfold for this and many another kindness. The day that sees us restored to our throne and to our rights, shall also see thee in the enjoyment of thy lost lands and thy native home. Arise, and let us to supper!"

And thus Maurice, lord of Fermoy, and his brave kinsmen spent their pay during their military service in Flanders. They shared it with their king during his exile, and when the Protector died, and Charles II. was restored to his throne, they naturally expected a reversal of their attainer, and a return to their native land, and to their homes and properties. But when Viscount Fermoy, and the numerous kinsmen of his that had lost their estates in the cause of the king and his unfortunate predecessor, presented their petition at court, the light and faithless Charles the Second, instead of remembering their devotedness, and his own plighted word, only laughed at them, put them off from day to day, and at length, in his "Declaration of Royal Gratitude," named one of that gallant house, Captain Miles Roche, only as eligible for reward for "services beyond the sea." Viscount Fermoy, after the failure of his hopes and the loss of his noble patrimony, left these countries for ever, and died with a broken heart, far away in a foreign land, illustrating a lesson that was well taught to the head of many a gallant house in those troublous days by the "merry monarch," King Charles the Second.

NEEMA ; OR, THE WHITE DOVE.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

I.

"Srr here, colleen bawn, an' I'll tell you
A story, a sweet one, you'll own,
Of three most enchantin' young darlins
That lived—where they lived was unknown.
Maurice Neale was the 'boy' that first seen them,
An' there never was met on Fair Green,
A nater, or claner-skinned gosssoon
From Dublin to Cahirciveen.

II.

"Well, my dear, 'twas a clear summer mornin'
As ever came out o' the sky—
If you sit so far off from me, Noreen,
I couldn't keep still if I'd try ;
On this beautiful bank o' wild v'ilets,
A spot that's most fittin' for you,
Take a sate, it's so nice—aye, that's better—
You don't mind a few drops o' dew.

III.

"As I said, 'twas a fine summer mornin'
As ever came out o' the sky—
You might sit a little bit closer,
An' dont, Noreen jew'l, be so shy ;
For you know—" "Ah! go on with the story—" "Well, I will if you'll just tell me this—" And Shawn passed his arm round her fair neck—"Why thin, Shawn—" "Sure you wont miss one kiss."

IV.

"O, but you are the impident fellow,
An' if you do that any more
I'll get up, so I will, an' I'll lave you—" "Will you have your kiss back then, asthore ? There!—we're quits. Now, I'll tell you the story, It happened long, long time ago, When the 'good people' used to dance nightly An' faste in the Rath there below.

V.

"Here, from this very spot you can see it,
An' there stood the old fairy thorn.
Where young Maurice was lollin' an' thinkin',
An' waitin' for some one that morn ;
An' as he was lollin' an' thinkin'
'What keeps her?' the wherefore an' why,
He heard the most charmin' voice-music
Soundin' far, far away in the sky.

VI.

"He turned on his elbow an' looked up,
And what d'ye think did he see ?
But three beautiful young faymales flutt'rin'
Like birds round a ripe cherry tree.
Yes, flutt'rin' on wings bright as sunshine,
An' sportin' high up in the air ;
Then all of a sudden they'd dart down,
An' rest on that crowslip bank there!

VII.

"Just the same as you see a gay kitten
High an' low toss a tight *wisted* ball,
Or a chasin' its tail in a circle,
Or mouse near a hole in the wall.
These charmers—oh! but they were lovely—
Tossed up here an' there hand to hand
A di'mon', as round as a marvel,
An' clear as—your eyes, Noreen Bland.

VIII.

"Young Maurice consailed himself 'cately
In shade of the old fairy thorn,
'An', thought he, 'oh! she bates all the beauties
That is, was, or e'er will be born :
Oh! could I but touch her pink fingers,
Or feel on my lips her sweet breath—
Boys! if only one kiss she'd bestow me,
Next minnit I'd go to my death.'

IX.

"O'ercome by his impulse he stepped forth,
As playin' they passed near the tree,
'The darlin'!' cried Maurice. 'A mortal!
And near us!' exclaimed the whole three.
Light fled from the eyes of poor Maurice,
Soft music was heard from afar,
An' when he 'came to,' it was *oe'nin*,
An' shinin' down on him *one* star.

X.

"O star, lovely star,' sighed sad Maurice,
'She's gone somewhere up there with you,
An' I, like yourself, am now lonely—
I dunna what am I to do ?
For I love that young goddess or fairy,
The loveliest out o' the three ;
He looked up an' joyously murmured,
'That star smiles as if it was she!'

XI.

"All night Maurice slept not for dreamin',
He thought of the rath an' the thorn ;
The lone star to him seemed the beauty
Whose sports he had finished that morn.
He heard thro' the still gloom, sang softly,
'O mortal! if your heart were true,
I'd leave both my sisters for such love,
An' make the earth happy with you!'

XII.

"Again shone the clear summer mornin',
Again Maurice lolled near the tree,
And again from the blue sky descended
Winged visions, the mystical three.
Maurice thought of his dream ; an' the sweet song
Was echein' still in his ear,
When he heard the same soft voice sigh sadly,
'Alas! did he love he'd be here.'

XIII.

"Throth the fairy was right," said young Noreen ;
And blushed as the words passed her lips ;
But somehow Shawn's cheek touched the darlin's
So close that she smiled ; he cried "slips ;
I was thinkin' that *you* were the fairy,
An' I was young Maurice, you see—" "You forget, Master Shawn," replied Noreen,
"That Maurice did *not* make so free."

XIV.

"An' I *am* here, machree," whispered Maurice,
Who hardly could spake for surprise ;
The bright thing was startled, an' turmin',
She saw him, an' then hid her eyes
'Neath the plumes of her spread wings, consailin'
The smiles an' the tears that were there—
One bound! an' he folds to his warm heart
The loveliest daughter of air!

XV.

"Away, far away are her sisters,
While Neema was pressed in his arms ;
The big tears fell fast on her bosom ;
She used all her heavenly charms,

An' coaxin' and sobbin', begged Maurice
To free her from his close embrace—
'I fear if I now let you from me,
I'd never more see your dear face.

XVI.

"Dry, dry up your tears, my heart's treasure;
I love you—can love only you;
Lay your wings by an' stop here, a *cushla*,
You'll find I'll be fond, kind an' true;
'Twas your voice I heard in my dreamin'—
To your sisters up there bid adieu;
Give your heart for my heart, an' oh, trust me,
I'll make the earth happy for you."

XVII.

"O mortal! I feel that you love me,
And see there is truth in your eye;
But should I remain unpermitted,
I forfeit my home in the sky.
Oh! hold me not if you *do* love me—
Look! sisters are beck'ning above—
'Farewell! you are free: tho' my heart break
I thus prove for you my true love."

XVIII.

"And Maurice, with tender affection,
Gazed mournfully into her eyes,
As op'ning his arms, she unfolded
Her white wings, and flew tow'ards the skies.
'She is gone, and my heart is gone with her—'
He covered his face with his hands;
Low music, soft sighs, and a footfall—
O joy! by his side there she stands!

XIX.

"For me you shall not break that kind heart;
Man's love I had heard was untrue;
But yours I have tested. And, Maurice,
I offer my first love to you.'
While speaking, her gay plumes subsided,
A purple cloud shadowed her charms,
One moment, and fond, fairy Neema,
A woman! was clasped in his arms.

XX.

"Oh thin, sure 'tis the wonderful story;
An' how did you come by her name?
An' say were they wed—had they children?
Or, are you of me 'makin' game?'"
'Wed? yes they were buckled an' coupled
Like birds in the saison of spring—
But when a man marries a fairy,
He does what I call a quare thing.

XXI.

"An' so with young Maurice. For six years
They lived an' loved true man an' wife;
An' a fine little daughter resembled
The mother, they said, to the life.
Well, just as it might be this ev'nin',
An' in the same time o' the year,
Himself an' herself were below there—
The child by the thorn tree was near.

XXII.

"She spoke of the time he first seen her,
Of his love ever since deep and true,
And smiling, repeated the fond words:
'I'll make the earth happy with you.'
'And happy I have been, and would be
With you to live here my life through—
But listen!' he heard called out, 'Neema,
To earth you must now bid adieu!'

XXIII.

"No, never," cried Maurice, caressing
Sweet Neema, who to his breast clings;
Alas! o'er her fair arms unfolded,
Are waving again the light wings.
And upwards, by little and little,
She floats, fading fast from his view;
Her sisters bore off her wee daughter,
While sad down the sky came—'adieu.'"

XXIV.

"An' did she go lave him for ever?
She wasn't a woman at all;
I'm sure that if I was in *her* place,"
Said Noreen, "I'd let them still call;
But fairies an' young women differ—"
Said Shawn "Sure its right that they should,
Poor Neema done just what she wouldn't,
An' couldn't do that which she would."

* * * * *

XXV.

"Ten years, and the brown locks of Maurice
Are white as the snows on Kippure;
Yet still in his true heart lived Neema,
His faith in *her* love still secure.
Ah! true love in mortal or fairy,
If lasting meets happy return;
Like fire in the *greeshagh*,* though unseen,
One breath, and how bright it will burn.

XXVI.

"'Twas ev'n'ing, the sunlight had faded,
The stars were beginning to peep,
And the notes of the murmuring songsters
Were lulling their young ones to sleep.
'Ten years,' said poor Maurice, 'this ev'nin',
She flew like strange bird from my side—'
'And the strange bird comes back to her fond mate!'
The voice of his Neema replied.

XXVII.

"Come, come to this heart that adores you;
Where are you, O Neema, my love?
He gazed all around—there was nothing
Save perched on the thorn a white dove.
O wonder of wonders 'twas Neema!
She flew straight to Maurice's breast;
She nestled there, whisp'ring in music,
'Once more your own Neema is blest.'

XXVIII.

"A daughter of air, I'm permitted,
My husband, to see you again,
But death, and the forfeit of kindred,
If with you I choose to remain;
'Neath these wings feel my little heart beating—
A woman's in love it is still;
But the beautiful form that so charmed you,
I cannot resume at my will.

XXIX.

"And so on your breast while I'm resting,
A fluttering, fond, faithful dove,
Abandoning home and my kindred,
Content I shall live for your love.'
The sweet bird grew fonder and fonder,
On his heart faintly drooping its head,
One sigh, like the note of a wild harp,
And poor fairy Neema was dead!"

JOHN DUGGAN.

* Greeshagh—turf ashes.

THREE NIGHTS AT ANCONA.

THE 30th September, 1860, was an eventful day for the little garrison of Ancona. The attack from the besiegers opened in the early morning, and was maintained throughout the day with greater vigour than on any day since the siege began. Down in the harbour the fight was hottest. The entire fleet advanced close to that solitary battery which commanded the entrance, and poured upon it, for hours without intermission, a fire that must soon not only silence, but annihilate it. And that gallant little battery, how spiritedly it replied! How promptly it spoke back those notes of defiance as long as a gun lived in it! I never knew what "stubborn valour" meant before. The brave fellows who manned that battery held it while the murderous fire from the ships shot away its defences bit by bit, and when their last gun had fallen from its place, they blew up the pile with a crash that shook the earth for miles around.

About 4 P.M., the white flag was hoisted from the battlements of the fortress, and the signal was immediately repeated all round the outworks. The firing ceased on both sides; the fleet steamed out. The men still remained at their posts, though all work had been suspended. As was natural, those near each other had formed into knots to talk over the capitulation. The feeling most general amongst the Irish soldiers was one of regret at giving in without more fighting. All expressed the greatest confidence in the prudence of the General; but they "should like to have had a chance at the Piedmontese in close quarters." I made one of a party of five who had come together in Captain C——'s tent. The truce and proposed capitulation formed the subject of a conversation, in course of which we are startled by a cannonade, which we suddenly hear from the direction of the enemy's lines. Every one asks, "What does this mean?" We run out to see. Our men are not firing, but there is a stir among them. Orders are sent round to keep them quiet. The truth soon becomes visible—the enemy has opened upon us a murderous fire, our flags of truce still flying! They fire on us; yes, and they fire on us with a dreadful earnestness. Is this the army that has risen to revive the ancient glories of Italy? Are these the people who have been represented by British statesmen as the very soul of honour? Bah! Piedmontese honour indeed!

A LOOK-OUT AT MIDNIGHT.

Night falls; but the fire ceases not—slackens not. "Well," I thought, "let what will come, I shall go and have an hour's sleep." I had my usual sleeping quarters in one of the apartments of the fortress, and I betake myself to my corner. I lay me down; but I cannot sleep. I close my eyes and try again and again; but sleep is impossible. Every shot disturbs me. The magazine is hard by, being separated from the fortress only by a narrow court. The vestibule has been the sleeping quarters and rendezvous for many of our men

during the siege. I enter it, and am glad to find some men talking there, while many others are stretched here and there asleep, after the fatigues of the day. I join the group that stood talking near the door. The night passes on, the Piedmontese guns still playing upon our positions, and the moon shining brightly overhead. Stay! Who is this that approaches us from the interior? A white kerchief is tied round his head, and another round his neck, and a short cloak drawn closely round his body. He walks slowly by, and addresses a few words to me in passing, touching this strange proceeding of the besiegers in keeping up the fire. It is Lamoriciere himself. He is a middle-sized man, with very keen eyes, and a complexion deeply bronzed by the African sun. His gait generally is more lively than dignified. He wears a heavy mustache, which, as well as his hair, is strongly tinged with grey. His voice is strikingly firm, and in conversation he speaks with much animation and earnestness. It was about the hour of midnight when he passed out. He had just risen from his mattress, and, without waiting to change his costume, he went out thus quietly and alone to ascertain how things went on. To see him thus, in the dead hour of night, go straight to the walls, and take a long look at the blazing batteries of the enemy,—to see him go round from point to point, shell and ball flying in plenty the while, is a sight which a soldier would love to see. It is not every general that has such stuff in him. What has made him look so troubled to-night?

A BRILLIANT ESCALADE!

Morning dawned, and the firing thundered still. What is to be the end of this? We had hoped little from the Piedmontese robbers, but we were not prepared for such strange work. Do they refuse to treat with the General? Do they mean to butcher us? Let them come, the dogs; if we get within bayonet's length of them we should be satisfied. Hot words like these—uttered not clamorously, but quietly, and with unmistakable earnestness—were spoken by many men that morning. At first the firing only perplexed them; then there was indignation, and indignation fast ripening into vengeance.

But lo! what next? There is a rush to a certain point on the battlements. I hasten thither also. Below, on the road leading from the Porta Calamo to the Rocca, or fortress, is a Piedmontese officer, preceded by two Piedmontese soldiers—one a bugler, and the other bearing a pole from which hung a white flag. The eyes of the officer are bandaged with a white kerchief, and at his side walks an officer of the garrison—an Irishman, by the way—who acted as his conductor to the General's quarters. On they come to the drawbridge of the fortress, where they are met by one of Lamoriciere's staff, who at once led the Sardinian envoy (for such he was) into the presence of the General, leaving the two soldiers standing outside. After about half-an-hour, he re-appeared, and was conducted out as he had come in, his eyes bandaged as before. Of course, the firing had ceased by this time.

Not very long after, another messenger of peace, accompanied by a huge sharpshooter, comes towards us in a carriage from Porta Pia. He is dressed in major's uniform—gray trousers, blue coat profusely embroidered, blue sash, heavy-looking silver epaulets, and shako ornamented with silver lace. Arrived at the gate of the fortress, he got out of his carriage, and having a white bandage drawn over his eyes, was conducted by two of the staff to the General's quarters. In about three quarters of an hour he re-appeared, got into his carriage, and, with his giant attendant, returned to the camp. After his departure we all understood that the terms of the capitulation had been finally arranged.

The way being now clear, we expected the enemy in immediately. Nor were we disappointed; we soon could perceive a large body of troops move towards us. Anxious to observe all their movements, I went to the parapet looking down over the Lazzaretto and the Porta Pia, as it was towards this point they held their course. They halted and formed into column under the steep approaches to the wall. The officer in command gave the word, and on they rushed helter skelter up the steeps, and over the wall. Inside there was a clear space, and here again they fell into close column. Quickly they put themselves in the attitude for a charge, and, with bayonets fixed, dashed down several streets. I must record my testimony, as an eye-witness, to the fearless heroism displayed by the Piedmontese soldiers in that grand charge. "Forward, mes braves!" How proudly the Italian sun, on this bright harvest morning, pours down his glory on those brave fellows, as they charge, not indeed small bodies of armed men, but large masses of atmosphere!

GOING INTO CAPTIVITY.

On the evening of that day—rather should I say, in the night, for it was 8 P.M.—our battalion got into a line, and marched from our position under the fortress towards the Porta Pia. This name (of one of the gates of Ancona) is also given to a magnificent promenade which runs from the gate towards the inside, occupying the space between a range of beautiful houses and the water's edge. Here we halted; and here we had the honour of meeting a large crowd of people who had come out to see us. There were some of the town's-people, a sprinkling of Piedmontese officers, and a large number of Piedmontese soldiers. These last walked leisurely up and down our lines—we were scarcely 500 strong—eyeing us apparently with the greatest interest. This being the first time they came into close proximity with most of our men, the curiosity on our side was very strong also, so that the glances of the captors were returned; and we were anything but favourably impressed by the specimen before us. They were in general very "raw" looking for trained soldiers, and very much tanned. Besides, their costume—a grey coat, and an undress cap, resembling a nightcap with a short tassel—appeared to us the reverse of handsome. In this position we remained for a couple of hours.

There was no clamour, but it was by no means a dumb show. The Italians spoke glibly amongst themselves, and the Irish talked freely with each other. Some kind words passed between the two parties; but on the whole I considered our position mortifying. I do not mean mortifying in the sense that our position implied shame or dishonour to us. On the contrary, there was much that was gratifying in the position; for there was not a man standing among the prisoners who had not the consciousness of having done his duty; not one who could not hold up his head and say, "Overpowered by numbers, I lay down my sword which I have never dishonoured by fear, nor disgraced by wielding it in an unjust cause." For myself, I have to record among the consolations of the hour, the soothing whispers of that twin sister of Charity, Hope. My curiosity for a nearer survey of those redoubtable sub-alpine heroes was satisfied in a few minutes, and then my eyes turned seaward. The waters were placid; the moon had come out and made a bright roadway over their surface. There was now and again the slightest ripple, which, however, did not break the beautiful line, but only added to it a fringe of rich rays along its entire length. It was not until the bands struck up a stirring air, and our battalion got into motion, that I was recalled to the reality of my position. The Porta Pia was thrown open, and we marched through, bearing our arms the while, in presence of a strong force of Piedmontese which escorted us on the Sinigaglia road; and thus we went out into captivity.

MINE HOST.

It was well nigh midnight when we reached the camp, or rather the head-quarters of the camp; for there were tents on both sides of the road all the way from Ancona, for a distance of about eight miles. We turned in off the road, piled our arms, and were shown to our quarters—that is to say, into a small field inclosed by lines of troops. Every thing on the surface had been reduced to dust by the trampling of men and horses, and on this carpet we were permitted to stretch our weary limbs. Such was the lodging prepared for our accommodation. We were weary, very weary, but the uninviting nature of the arrangements, and many strange incidents, banished for awhile ideas of repose. I will mention one circumstance. On the evening previous to our capitulation, the troops received the last instalment of their pay. As silver could not be had, they were paid in coppers, which they put into little bags, and finding it inconvenient to carry those on the way from Ancona, they placed them on a baggage cart. This being once known, the cart became an object of special attraction to the Piedmontese; but our fellows kept a strict watch on it. On one occasion, a band of the Piedmontese soldiers made a bold attempt to carry off some of the money, but were effectually resisted by those of the Irish who were near at the time. They applied in some quarter for aid, and forthwith a party of soldiers, commanded by an officer, marched down upon the cart, and carried off some of the money bags!

A respectable feat, was it not, for the great champions of a nation "struggling to be free?"

Imagine a man out in the open air at the dead hour of night, tired, cold, and hungry; suppose for a moment that he had on a large overcoat; what, I ask, should his nature impel him to do in regard to this overcoat? Clearly his impulse would be to wrap it more closely round him to protect himself as much as possible against the midnight chill. If he acted otherwise, we should set him down as a fool. Now, there was a fool of that stamp among the Irish prisoners that night. I got to a corner of the field to take a nap, if possible, for an hour or two; but scarcely had I stretched myself on the dusty earth, when a young fellow pulled off his heavy overcoat, and insisted that I should cover myself with it. I felt that the poor fellow needed his coat perhaps much more than I; but any one who knows what it is to refuse a kindness at the hands of a simple-hearted Irishman, can well understand how it was I agreed at last to keep the coat. I witnessed in my time many instances of the like "folly" on the part of Irishmen.

ONE OR TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.

It is a common saying, that novelty is charming. Never was there a popular maxim which needs more of limitation. A day in the Piedmontese camp was to me a very great novelty; it was the reverse of charming. Oh! if those admirers of "free and united Italy" came into immediate contact with their heroes, they should find the scales fall from their eyes, and those same "champions" would show themselves to be made of stuff quite different from what their romantic imagination had figured them. You might expect to find in them a very generous enemy. Here is what we actually did find: We were turned into a field, left to sleep under the open air, denied even a little straw, and allowed only a small loaf of bad bread with a moiety of wine once a day. Then there were many other tokens of generosity on the part of our chivalrous captors. For instance: one of our officers found that his shako, which he had put by carefully among his luggage, had disappeared. He instituted at once a rigorous search after it. More successful than many others, he soon traced it to the possession of a Piedmontese officer. There were but very few links in the chain; the officer had purchased it, honourably of course, from one of his men, and this latter had stolen it from the owner's luggage. The owner claimed it; the present possessor refused to give it up. But as the owner had resolved to push the matter to the utmost, while the possessor did not wish to have a noise made about the affair at head-quarters, the article was soon after restored. Many other little incidents occurred during the night illustrative of the high-minded honour of this chivalrous race.

The genius of the sub-alpine emancipators was irresistible. Many of our men, the more firmly to hold their little earnings under their own dominion, put the bags in which they carried the coppers under their heads, while they lay down to sleep; but vain effort! they awoke to find their hoardings emancipated. I myself

had taken every precaution to secure my luggage; to a box, strongly made, I added all the appliances of iron, ropes, leather; but all in vain, there was not a bit of it that did not yield to the spirit of Piedmontese emancipation. The second night brought a considerable improvement in my circumstances, thanks to an active orderly, who, after a world of fighting and management, secured a broken box, which he turned bottom upwards, and propped against a wall. On this bench I enjoyed a sound and very refreshing sleep.

There were in the Sardinian camp some of that class called "soups" in Ireland, ready to prove, by no end of scripture quotation, that the Sardinians had right on their side as well as might. I came in for a share of the enlightening attentions of these people. A busy little officer whom I had known as one of this apostolic corps, initiated a conversation with me. After many of those preliminary compliments which are tolerated only in an Italian, and the burden of which was that he was so glad I spoke Italian, and that he was sure we should be friends, he launched into his subject.

"May I ask you," enquired this voluble little gentleman, "why have you come to fight for the Pope?"

"In our country we often answer a question by asking another. May I ask why have you come to fight *against* the Pope?"

"Simply because the Pope has no right to temporal dominions."

"And therefore Sardinia has a right to make war against him?"

"Certainly; Sardinia has a most perfect right to release the people of the Papal States from his power."

"Has Austria the same right? or France? or England?"

"No; why should they? They are strangers; Piedmont is Italian."

"Has Naples? Naples, you know, is not a stranger?"

"No; Naples is ruled by a tyrant, who himself must soon fall."

"Naples is ruled by Francis II.; Piedmont by Victor Emmanuel. Honestly, now, which is the better type of a tyrant?"

"This is not the question. The question is—Has the Pope a right to a temporal principality? Now, I will prove to you from Holy Scripture that he ought not to be a temporal prince. St. Peter, you know, was a poor fisherman, and was ordered to carry neither purse nor scrip."

"Then you ought to infer that the Pope must not wear shoes; for the text is, 'neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes, and salute no man by the way.'"

"Well, putting aside the purely literal sense, seriously, do not the texts show that the Pope ought not to have any temporal power?"

"No: so far as it bears on the question at all, it shows the contrary."

"How? My very dear friend will have the goodness to explain."

"The Scripture shows that the Pope ought to be entirely free and unimpeded in the discharge of the duties

of his apostolic office. Now, as things stand in the world at present, his independence can be secured only by his being left in the undisturbed possession of his temporal sovereignty."

"Might he not be sufficiently free under a liberal and enlightened government, such, for example, as that of Piedmont?"

"Sufficiently free! yes, that freedom which Piedmont has guaranteed by seizing the property of convents, and banishing bishops from their sees."

"Our government has done only what it had a perfect right to do. I will not listen to those attacks on Piedmont."

"Then the alternative still rests with you. I did not volunteer my remarks."

After a few more words, not very complimentary to me, he walked away.

JAMES M'DEVIET.

NOCTES LOVANIENSES.

Monasteries of Kilcrea and Timoleague.

Church and Monastery of KILCREA—Its Beautiful Site and Architecture—The Tomb of Mac Carthy of Muskerry—The Church and Monastery plundered in 1584—Again in 1599—Fathers Mac Carthy and O'Sullivan.—Church and Monastery of TIMOLEAGUE—Plundered and damaged by English Soldiers, who are cut to pieces by O'Sullivan Prince of Bear—Lyons, Protestant Bishop of Cork—Dilapidates Timoleague—Persecutes the Catholics.

"NONE of our Munster monasteries," resumed the Provincial, "were more famous than those of Kilcrea and Timoleague; and having made a pilgrimage to both some years ago,* I took good care to collect every particular relating to their foundation and fall. Centuries hence, the notices I now detail to you may help to throw light on a dark and tempestuous period of our history; and I would fain persuade myself, should it please God to restore those sanctuaries to their rightful owners, that you and I shall not be forgotten when their altars have been re-erected, and matin and vesper song resounds as of old, in choir, chancel, and cloister, now, alas, desecrated by the impious."

"The memorabilia you are giving me," observed Father Purcell, "make a goodly volume, and who knows but it may yet fall into the hands of some one who will turn it to account, and make future generations familiar with the vicissitudes of our venerable houses."

"Doubtless," replied the Provincial; "and you may be assured that a time will come—be the fate of our houses what it may—when the historian and antiquarian will thank us for having saved even fragments of our monastic records from oblivion. I would fain persuade myself that the Irish Franciscan monasteries will yet revert to the uses for which they were founded; but even though that wish never may be gratified, and those venerable piles should totter into shapeless ruin, rank weeds growing out of their altars, mournful ivy clothing their

mullions, gables, corbels, and bell-towers; no tenant in their chancels, cloisters, or choirs, save the skulking wolf,† and the screeching owl—even so you and I shall not have laboured in vain; for the volume we leave behind us will tell generations yet to come what those monasteries were in the days of their splendour; what pious munificence founded them, what saints, sages and warriors lie sepulchred in their crypts, and, alas that I should have lived to witness it, what unparalleled sacrilege desecrated their shrines, and drove their pious inmates houseless and homeless on the world. You and I have reason to be thankful for the hospitality we have received in a foreign clime, and indeed we would be ingrates, if we pretermitted chronicling that the joint sovereigns of the Netherlands, Albert and Isabella, provided shelter for Irish friars, when king James, the degenerate son of a truly Catholic mother—true even to the death—banned and persecuted them as though they were the opprobrium of mankind.

"I will now relate to you all that I have learnt concerning the monasteries of Kilcrea and Timoleague, and let me commence with the former. Of all the Irish princes, none ruled with kinglier sway than did the Mac Carthys, lords of Muskerry. Their martial prowess was famed in the songs of bards, their lineage was traced to progenitors who sailed with Milesius from Spain to Ireland, and their strong castles studded the banks of the Bandon from Knocknauavon to Kinsale. Nor were they less famed for their piety and devotedness to our holy founder, St. Francis, as Kilcrea, even in its ruins, will testify to future ages. The founder of that venerable house was Cormac Mac Carthy, lord of Muskerry, who erected it, under the invocation of St. Brigid, for Franciscans, A.D. 1465. The site selected for the monastery was very beautiful, away from the tumult of the world, and close to the sweet river Bride. The church was admirably constructed of the finest materials, and nothing could excel the exquisite workmanship of the nave and choir, from which springs a graceful bell-tower of considerable height. Rich marbles, finely turned windows, and a beautiful arcade forming one side of a chapel, still shew that Cormac, lord of Muskerry, was a man gifted with a high appreciation of art, and as I have already said, with true devotedness to our order. In the chancel and close to the grand altar, he caused a tomb to be constructed for himself, and he was interred there in 1495, having been slain by his own brother and nephews. The same tomb contains the mortal remains of many of his race, all of whom were distinguished for their martial prowess, but none more so than his son Cormac, who defeated the Geraldines in the celebrated battle fought near the abbey of Mourne.‡ The inscription on the founder's tomb is worth preserving, and runs thus—*Hic jacet Cormac, Filius Thadei. F. Cormac F. Dermitti magni*

† Wolves were common in Ireland till the end of the seventeenth century.

‡ O'Daly's "Geraldines."

* Probably in 1604-5.

Mac Carthy Dominus de Musgraipe, ac istius conventus primus fundator. A.D. 1495. The Barrets and many other noble families selected Kilcrea as their burial place, and their tombs are still there, for they spared no effort to preserve the sacred edifice from the ravages of the English Protestant troops during the wars with the Geraldines and the Ulster princes. The entire of the buildings, including the monastery, which is of no considerable magnitude, is to this day* in very good condition, and lacks nothing but friars, who are not allowed to inhabit their ancient abode, since Dermot Mac Carthy,† who basely abjured the religion of his glorious progenitors, took a grant of the place from Sir Arthur Chichester, lord deputy, on condition that he would not suffer the Franciscans to return, or let his lands to any but Protestants. Nevertheless, some of our friars live among the people in the neighbourhood, and are supported by the bounty of the Barrets and others, who, as I have already said, are very anxious to preserve the monastery and its church from dilapidation. Whilst I was at Kilcrea, the particulars I am now about to give you were related to me by trustworthy persons, and I am sure that you will think them worth recording.

In 1584—the year after O'Moriarty had compassed the cruel murder of the great earl of Desmond, a company of English soldiers marauding through the district, entered the monastery and church of Kilcrea, intent on plunder. Those miscreants, unawed by the sanctity of the place, demolished the statues and paintings, and laid their sacrilegious hands on the sacred utensils. At that time, the church possessed a beautiful representation of the crucifixion, a rare work of art, indeed, for at each extremity of the cross there was a beautiful medallion of the Evangelists, exquisitely wrought in gold and silver. Stimulated by a desire to seize the precious metal, the soldiers began to quarrel among themselves, and in this brawl they turned their swords against each other's breasts, till two of them fell mortally wounded, one of them dying that very night, and the other on the next morning. The gold and silver, however, glutted the impious greed of the survivors, and that noble work of art was lost to the convent for ever.

In 1599, when the lord deputy Essex marched against the remnant of the Geraldines, Kilcrea was again invaded by English soldiers, who scared away the friars, and killed Father Mathew O'Leyn, at the very moment he was endeavouring to effect his escape by fording the Bride. He was a man remarkable for the holiness of his life, and had then entered on his sixty-seventh year.

Nor should I omit mentioning a very remarkable member of this convent, whose history deserves special notice. The person to whom I allude was Felix Mac Carthy, who, during the Geraldine war, distinguished himself by his charity and hospitality to all, friends as

well as foes. One day, having an altercation with his brother, Felix allowed himself to be carried away by passion, and, in his fury, stabbed the unfortunate youth to death. Overwhelmed with remorse, he resolved to renounce the world, and having obtained a dispensation from the *irregularity*, he earnestly begged, and finally received the habit of our order, thenceforth devoting himself entirely to the service of God. He subsequently was ordained priest, and living to a great old age, all the nerves of his fingers, those of the index and thumb of either hand excepted, became so paralysed that he could make no use of them. His brethren of Kilcrea, however, and indeed every one else, regarded this as a singular manifestation of God's mercy, since He allowed this devout penitent the use of the four fingers which are employed at the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

Another highly-gifted member of the brotherhood of Kilcrea, was Father Thaddeus O'Sullivan, whose powers as a preacher won him fame in every region of Ireland. During the terrible commotions attending the wars of the great earl of Desmond, this venerable priest was wont to follow the Irish troops into the woods, where great licentiousness prevailed, and, indeed, his eloquent exhortations not only kept alive the faith in the souls of those who heard him, but prevented many a bloody deed in those disastrous times. During one of his charitable missions, he fell sick and died, and the people, who loved him so well, would fain convey his corpse to the monastery of Kilcrea. This, however, was a dangerous undertaking, for at that time all Munster was garrisoned by the English troops, and the people ran risk of death if they appeared abroad in daylight. At length some who were thoroughly acquainted with the bye-roads, resolved to place the remains on a horse and set out, after nightfall, for the monastery; but losing their way in the darkness, they were about to retrace their steps, when one of the party said, "Let us leave the horse to himself, and he will certainly carry his burden to its destination." Adopting his suggestion, they followed the horse all that night, and next morning they found themselves within the precincts of the monastery, where the remains of Father O'Sullivan were interred in the cloister at the door of the chapter-room, December, 1597. This venerable father of our monastery of Kilcrea had very many escapes from the English during the Munster wars; and if his memory required any further commendation, 'twould suffice to state, that he was the bosom friend of the most Rev. Dr. Gray, bishop of Cork, who consulted him on all matters of importance, and was always guided by his counsels. I have nothing further to add to this brief account of that venerable monastery, so let us now talk of Timoleague.

That village is situated in the barony of Barryroe, in the county of Cork, and close to a little harbour formerly much frequented by Spaniards, who carried on a considerable trade with the Irish, taking, in exchange for their rich wines, hides, fish, wool, linen cloth, skins of squirrels, and other native products. I have not ascertained exactly by whom

* 1604.

† This apostate died in 1616, and was buried in the ancestral tomb.

the convent was founded, for some assert that it was erected by William Barry, while others maintain, and perhaps with good reason, that we are indebted for it to the pious munificence of Daniel Mac Carthy, prince of Carbury. Be that as it may, there can be little doubt that the actual convent was built about the year 1320, on the site of an ancient house once inhabited by St. Mologa,* from whom the surrounding district takes its name. The church was, indeed, a splendid edifice, having a spacious choir, aisle, lateral wing, and magnificent bell-tower—a remarkable feature in all our Irish churches—rising to a height of high seventy feet. The cloister was very beautiful, square, richly arcaded, and covered with a platform, on which there was a suite of apartments, comprising chapter-room, refectory, and the guardian's ample chamber; along with these the convent had also its dormitory, kitchen, cellars, and other appurtenances, which made it one of the noblest houses of our order in all Ireland. In the choir of the church is the tomb of Donald Mac Carthy, who is thought to have been the founder; and there yet remain many other monuments of the O'Donovans, O'Heas, and De Courceys, lords of Kinsale. One of that noble family, Edmund, bishop of Ross, a member of our brotherhood, was a great benefactor to the church and convent; for, owing to the munificence of his nephew, James lord Kinsale, he rebuilt the bell-tower, dormitory, infirmary and library; and at his death, which occurred in 1518, he bequeathed to us many valuable legacies of altar-plate and books. He, with many of his ancestors, is interred in the church of Timoleague.

When I visited the place,† the entire edifice was still standing, though sadly in need of being repaired; for, indeed, it had suffered much from the ruthless vandalism of the English soldiers; and also from the sacrilegious rapacity of William Lyons, protestant bishop of Cork,‡ and a certain Dr. Hanmer, an Anglican minister, of whom I will have occasion to speak hereafter.

During the late war, a body of English soldiers, consisting of a hundred infantry and fifty horse, halted before Timoleague, and, entering the church, began to smash the beautiful stained-glass windows, and destroy the various pictures about the altar, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the people, who strove to dissuade them. It so happened that the carpenter whom our friars employed to look after the repairs of the sacred edifice, was present on this occasion, and, seeing the impiety of those creedless mercenaries, he addressed himself to our holy founder thus:—"St. Francis, in whose honour this house was built, I know that thou art all powerful with God, and canst obtain from him whatsoever thou askest: now, I solemnly swear, that I will never do another day's work in this monastery, if thou dost not take speedy vengeance on those sacrilegious wretches who have desecrated thy holy place." And

indeed, it would appear that the poor man's prayer was soon heard; for, on the following day, when the soldiers had struck their tents, after doing such serious damage to the church and monastery, they were encountered by Daniel O'Sullivan, prince of Bear, who, with the small force then under his command, fell upon them, and cut them to pieces.§ Of their entire number only one escaped.

The Anglican minister whom I mentioned, destroyed the dormitory in 1596, for he came in a small vessel to Timoleague, in order to procure timber for a house which he was building near Cork; and having learnt that the friars' cells were wainscoted with oak, elaborately carved, he pulled asunder the rich woodwork, and placed it aboard the vessel. But his sacrilege was duly avenged; for the ship had hardly put to sea, when a gale sprung up, and sent it with its freight to the bottom.

Lyons, the Protestant bishop, as I have already told you, was an unrelenting enemy to our convent of Timoleague, and never spared that beautiful house when he required building materials. In 1590, having commenced building a mill, he and his posse made a descent on the mill belonging to our friars, which stood on the Arrighideen, and carried off the hammer stones, and machinery, which he re-erected in his own neighbourhood. Soon afterwards, however, an inundation swept away all his work, and many who witnessed the fact attributed it to the indignation of heaven.

Many and many a heart-rending tale could I relate to you of Lyons' implacable hatred to the Catholics, and our poor friars in particular. In 1595, he was appointed a Commissioner to outroot the Irish population from their homesteads in Munster, and plant English in their pleasant fields. How any man, and particularly one calling himself a Christian bishop, could undertake such a work, appears unintelligible; but assuredly, a fitter instrument could not have been chosen by Queen Elizabeth than that remorseless tyrant. Even in his extreme old age he persecuted the Catholics with fire and sword; and it was not till he felt the hand of God heavy upon him that he desisted, as will appear from what I am going to tell you. On the Christmas eve of 1612, word was brought him that the people all around Timoleague were to assemble in the convent to assist at midnight Mass: and no sooner was he made aware of this, than he resolved to set out, attended by a posse of ruffians who usually accompanied him, to disperse the friars and congregation. Hardly, however, was he outside Cork, when he was seized with a sudden illness, which so alarmed his companions that they besought him to return home. Heedless of their remonstrances he alighted from his horse, and, wrapping himself in warmer clothing, he mounted again, intent upon his bloody mission. God, however, baffled him; for, a few hours afterwards, the intensity of the pain compelled him to retrace his steps to Cork. Ever since then, for he is still living,|| he has become somewhat forbearing. Let

* Tigh Mologa, i.e. Mologa's house,

† In 1603.

‡ Appointed by Queen Elizabeth, 1583, died 1617.

§ This occurred probably in 1600.

|| A.D. 1617.

me not forget to mention, that among those who await the resurrection within the hallowed precincts of Timoleague, lies Eugene Mac Egan, bishop-elect of Ross, who, when acting as chaplain to the Catholic troops commanded by Daniel O'Sullivan in 1602, was mortally wounded by the English, and died on the field of battle. He, in sooth, was a man of great promise, having been educated at Rome, whence he had just then returned. O'Sullivan and the sept of the Mac Carthys had his remains conveyed to Timoleague, where they buried him in the cloister, just at the north-western angle, and under a little cross which they set in the wall to mark the resting-place of one who was faithful to his God and country. Such are the few memorabilia that I have gathered concerning Kilcrea and Timoleague, and I trust that they will be of use, ages after you and I shall have passed away."

TRADITIONS OF OMEY ISLAND.

If the tourist, who contemplates a journey through the majestic scenery which intervenes between the towns of Clifden and Westport, consent to leave the high-road after crossing the bridge of Streamstown, about a mile and a half from the former place, and turn with us in a due westerly direction, we will undertake to conduct him along one of not the least interesting bye-ways of the wild region of West Connaught. The road lies for about two miles by the northern shore of the narrow channel or inlet known as Streamstown bay, which indeed in some places is scarcely a hundred yards across, and is frequently enclosed among rugged and blackened rocks of hugh dimensions. We pass the old church-yard of Tempul Athdearg, or the church of the Red-ford; and a little further on, the ruins of the old house or castle of Doon, which stands on our side of the inlet, while on the other side of the water are the ruins of the ancient church of Kill, covered with ivy. This inlet was once a famous resort of smugglers, and a good story is told of a contrivance by which they succeeded, on a certain occasion, in escaping from the crew of a revenue cruiser who pursued them in boats; a number of spade-handles having been so placed as to resemble a formidable array of muskets projecting from a steep bank, and the king's people being induced by these "threatening" preparations to make a rapid retreat to their vessel.

At length we obtain a view of the vast ocean, with the islands of Innisturk, Croagh, Omev, and others, scattered over its bosom, and the grandeur of that prospect compensates for the dreariness of the scene which immediately surrounds us; although this same granite wilderness of Claddaghduff, rivals for barrenness and wretchedness any other spot in all Conamara. The road here deserts us at the low beach from which, at ebb-tide, we may cross almost dry-shod to the once famous island of Omev. But why do we call it famous? Can there be anything to distinguish that flat unpicturesque abode of misery from any other spot in which human wretchedness prevails along the most desolate

tracts of the Irish coast? We answer, yes: that poor unfavoured island in the remote west, nearly half the surface of which is covered by a lough and a spewy marsh, while the other half is little better than drifting sand, the scanty vegetation on which is frequently blasted by the "red wind" of the Atlantic—that island, we say, has a history of its own. It was the "Imagia insula" of the old Latin hagiologists, and was, as far as we know, the very last spot in which paganism lingered in Ireland. In the latter half of the seventh century, St. Fechin, the holy abbot of Fore, in Westmeath, found the inhabitants of Omev still pagans, and encountered violent opposition from them when building a monastery there, although he obtained the island from the good king of Connaught, Gnaire the Generous. We are not, however about to ransack the pages of Colgan or Ussher for ancient references to Omev, but shall for the present content ourselves with such incidents of its history as we find preserved in the traditions of the islanders.

The sands which separate Omev from the mainland may be about half a mile across at the point where they are most frequently traversed by the people at low water. Sometimes the sea which rolls over them is lashed by the storm into gigantic waves; but in calm weather the inhabitants venture to ride or wade across even when the tide covers the greater part of the intervening strand. When that wide expanse of sand is deserted by the sea, an immense accumulation of small stones may be seen below high-water mark, in a long ridge on the island side, parallel with the shore. These stones are said to have been collected there preparatory to a conflict celebrated in the traditions of the neighbourhood, as having taken place on the occasion of an invasion of the island by the O'Flaherties, of Moycullen. The sept of O'Flaherty are generally represented in those traditions as fierce and relentless aggressors, and the chieftain of Moycullen in this case appears to have been eminently entitled to that character. He demanded tribute from the lords of Bunowen, Ballinahinch, and Doon, and proceeded to exact his claim with a strong force of his retainers, at whose head he rode accompanied by his two sisters, who were as warlike as himself; while the alarmed vassals, resolved to resist the oppressive exaction, fled with their cattle and other moveable property, and all the men they could muster, to Omev, where, under the command of O'Toole, the chief of the island, they made the best preparations they could to defend their families and chattels.

Soon the belligerents were only separated by the narrow strait which divides St. Feichin's island from the mainland, and the ebbing of the tide was to be the signal for O'Flaherty's attack. The only thing in the shape of firearms which the beleaguered force possessed was an old matchlock of enormous length of barrel, and the stock of which was held together by several convolutions of twig-wythes; but it was entrusted to a famous marksman named Brian-na-bróig, or Brian of the shoe, who took up a convenient position to direct it with advantage against the approaching enemy.

Brian-na-broig soon spied the leader of the assailants, whom he covered with the muzzle of his unerring matchlock, and addressing his favourite weapon, he said: "You make a great boast, with your gad-match, that you are able to wing a water-wagtail; now let us see how you will behave!" And the matchlock maintained its character, for the next instant it shot the leg off O'Flaherty, and spread consternation among the Moycullen army. O'Flaherty's sisters, however, soon rallied their men; and causing the wounded chief to be placed on a hurdle, and carried at their head, they charged with great fury across the sands. The assailants were received with a shower of stones that darkened the air; but they persevered, and succeeded in obtaining a footing on the shore of Omev, where the battle raged for sometime, with great fierceness; the ladies urging on their people with great determination. In the midst of the conflict O'Flaherty died of his wound, and his loss decided the fortune of the day; the Moycullen men fled, leaving the strand covered with their slain; and the sisters having dipt their kerchiefs in their brother's blood, swore by it to be revenged; and then, putting spurs to their horses, fled with all possible speed through Ballynakill and Joyce country, never looking back, it is said, until they reached Maam Turk, where they halted and wept over their disaster. There is a small cemetery on the island near the scene of the battle, and it is said to have been first opened to receive the bodies of those slain on that occasion; its name of Ulla-brean, or the fetid burial-ground, being very probably derived from that event.

The O'Tooles (O'Tuathail) who were unquestionably a branch of the great Leinster sept of that name, were for many centuries the lords of Omev, but only as vassals of the O'Flaherties who exercised over them a tyrannical sway. An instance of this is preserved in a whimsical tradition of the country.

It happened that a certain chief of Omev, named Tohishtaul O'Toole, was married to the daughter of Mac Teige Arna, or the O'Brien of Aran; and at the same time there lived not many miles distant, at Ballynakill, a chief of the O'Flaherties, generally known as Brian-na-n'oinsioch, or Brian of the fools, from the circumstance that he had twelve daughters, all of whom were idiotic. The despot of Ballynakill, accompanied by one of his silly daughters, paid a visit on a certain occasion to the lord of Omev, and without further ceremony, insisted on the latter discarding his lawful wife, and taking the lady whom he brought with him in her stead. O'Toole remonstrated, but was compelled to submit, and received the *oinsioch* as his partner, instead of the daughter of Aran.

What became of the outraged wife, or what revenge her friends proposed to take, tradition saith not; but as to the fate of the silly daughter of O'Flaherty, is is sufficiently explicit. It appears that after a certain lapse of time she was visited by her eleven sisters, whom, at their departure, she considered herself bound in good manners to escort home. However, on their arrival at Ballynakill, the sisters resolved not to be outdone by her in politeness, and accompanied her back again. Thus

was the obligation imposed on her once more of seeing her guests home, and thus did they, in their turn, feel it their duty to repay the civility; and so they continued going and coming, and might have continued, no one can say how long, had not their attention been attracted, on the way, by a pleasant lake, in which it occurred to them, as their journeying to and fro had caused some fatigue, that they might enjoy a refreshing bath. The lake selected for the purpose is said to have been Loch-an-gerrane-bane, or the lake of the white horse at Ballynakill; and here their wearisome ceremoniousness terminated; for one of the ladies having got beyond her depth, was drowning, and another of them who went to lend her assistance, was about to share her fate, and so required the aid of a third; and so on, until the twelve daughters of Brian-na-n'oinsioch sunk to rise no more in the boggy waters of Loch-an-gerrane-bane. Tohishtaul O'Toole thus found himself without a wife, but he was blessed with a pair of sons, one the offspring of each wife; and these, when they grew up, quarrelled incessantly, calling each other certain naughty names, to which, in truth, the grandson of Brian-na-n'oinsioch was alone entitled; and such, says tradition, was the origin of two branches of the family of O'Toole of west Connaught.

The first prosperity of this family is attributed, in the legends of Iar-Connaught, to one of its progenitors named Diarmot Sgagh, or Merry Dermot, of whose good fortune we shall relate the story as we have it from the *seanachies* of the west.

Merry Dermot O'Toole was a very poor man—whether he spent all his wealth, or never had any to spend, we cannot precisely determine—and like many poor men who cannot devise any ordinary means to obtain money, he conceived a strong desire to employ supernatural means for procuring it. He had often heard that the fairy hills are open on All Hallows' Eve, and as there was a remarkable *bri* or hill of that description in his immediate neighbourhood—namely, the famous Knoc-a-dun, or hill of Bunown, in Errismore—he determined on repairing thither the next November eve, and trying his fortune in a search for the *istre buidh*, or fairy halter, which would answer for him all the purposes of the philosopher's stone.

November eve arrived, and Dermot did not fail to hover, after dusk, under the shadow of Knoc-a-dun, watching very carefully those parts of the hill, where he supposed the "good-people" were most likely to have their grand portal. At length he observed a long cavalcade approaching the hill. He soon perceived that it was a funeral; moreover that the corpse was that of a beautiful young lady, and there could be no doubt that these were the fairies who were bearing her on their shoulders with great pomp to the hill. Dermot understood very well the pranks of this mischievous race, and he felt quite sure that the lady whom they had thus got into their power was not dead at all; so he resolved to forfeit the chance of making his own fortune, and at all hazards to try to rescue her. Accordingly he took a steady aim with

his cross-bow—'tis needless to say that he lived before the age of gunpowder—and shooting one of the foremost of the four bearers, the others scampered off in consternation, leaving the lady behind with Dermot, who carried her to his cabin, and used every means in his power to relieve her from the effects of the diabolical drugs which had been administered to her. To some extent he succeeded, but unfortunately the lady remained dumb, and was unable to convey any information about her family or home. Dermot, however, could perceive that she was a person of high rank, and, as he was a man of honour as well as a merry fellow, he treated her with the profoundest respect, and confided her to the care of his sister, still hoping to be able to discover her family.

The next November eve arrived, and Dermot Sugagh again went in search of the *istre buidh*. He now understood the ways of the place so well, that he actually got inside the door of the fairy hill; and while he there lay concealed, he overheard the conversation of two of the "good people," who had a violent dispute as to which of them should go and fetch some water. Their words ran so high, that at length one of them threatened to knock the other down.

"A pheist! you despicable wretch!" exclaimed the insulted fairy, "'tis long until you would think of doing that to Dermot Sugagh O'Toole, who took away your bride this night twelve months!"

"And what if he did take her?" replied the other, who was evidently a poltroon; "'tis little good she is to him, as she cannot speak."

"Oh," said the other wizen-faced elf, with a knowing wink, "it would be easy enough to make her speak, if he only plucked out the *traneen* that's sticking in her hair."

Dermot did not wait to hear any more of the altercation or even to look for the *istre buidh*; but, returning home in all haste, he immediately searched for the *traneen* in the young lady's hair, and having found it, and extracted it without delay, she at once began to speak, and returning him thanks most fervently for all his kindness, she told him that she was no less a personage than the daughter of the king of Leinster.

Next morning Dermot and his fair charge set out for Leinster, nor did they make much delay until the latter was restored in perfect safety to the arms of her royal parents, who, shortly after, gave her in marriage to her noble-minded deliverer, as the very proper reward of his gallant and honourable conduct. Dermot Sugagh became a great man at the court of Leinster, and such, according to the *Conamara seannachies*, whose authority does not always agree with that of the published annals, which indeed are at direct variance with them in this instance, was the origin of the renowned sept of O'Toole, in the eastern province. The spot where Dermot rescued what appeared to be the corpse of the young lady from the "good people," is called, to the present day, *lahach-na-mna-marava*, or, the dead woman's pool; which circumstance, we presume, will be deemed a sufficient verification of our story—at least we know

that it is so considered by some persons who reside near the locality, although, to be sure, the beautiful princess whom the fortunate Dermot Sugagh saved, was not a dead woman at all.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WILDE'S CATALOGUE OF IRISH ANTIQUITIES.*

The Museum of Antiquities, initiated by a few private members of the Royal Irish Academy, little more than twenty years ago, was rapid and prosperous in its growth. After two or three years it comprised a large collection of objects illustrating the ancient history of this country, and very soon confounded the incredulity of those who imagined—as many did at that time—that the Irish were ignorant of the arts of civilized life previous to the English invasion. Subsequently the works carried on in several parts of Ireland by the Shannon Navigation Commissioners, the Drainage Commissioners, and the various Railway Companies, brought to light a vast amount of ancient remains which, by purchase or presentation, came to be deposited in the museum; until, at length, the collection became one of the largest and perhaps the most valuable and perfect of its kind in all Europe. Still it was little better than an interesting chaos. The objects to constitute a museum were there, but there was no proper classification or arrangement, and above all, there was no catalogue. Matters were in this state at the end of March, 1856, when the academy voted £250 for arranging and cataloguing the museum. How far so small a sum may have gone on the mechanical details of so vast an enterprise—on the mere manual labour, the copying work, the printing, the illustrations, etc. we know not—we suppose only a very short way; but the herculean task of classifying and arranging the museum, and of preparing the catalogue, was gratuitously undertaken by Dr. Wilde, whose name has been so long and so honourably associated with our scientific and historical literature, and with our national antiquities; and since that date he has successfully and zealously devoted to the work an enormous amount of research, learning, and valuable time. Previous to the meeting of the British Association in Dublin, in August, 1857, the first part of the catalogue was published—although during the whole of the intermediate time the museum was occupied by the tradesmen employed by the Board of Works in fitting up and decorating the premises—a circumstance which must have interfered considerably with Dr. Wilde's labours. This first part contained a descriptive catalogue of the antiquities of stone, earthen, and vegetable materials in the museum; the second and much more copious and elaborate portion of the work now before us, contains those of animal and bronze materials; and there remain still to be catalogued the other metallic antiquities, as those of iron, &c., the ex-

* *Catalogue of the Antiquities of Animal Materials and Bronze in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy*, by W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A., Dublin: HODGES, SMITH and Co.

ceptional classes, namely "Finds," (or groups of antiquities found together in particular localities, such as crannoges, etc.) coins and medals, human remains, and ecclesiastical antiquities. Under the primary division of materials there is the secondary division according to use; the objects being thus subdivided into weapons; tools or weapon-tools; food implements; household furniture and other articles; dress and personal decorations; objects used in games, as chess, etc.; musical instruments; sepulchral monuments, etc. etc. This classification appears to be as clear and satisfactory as any that could be devised; but as to the age of the respective objects, that very frequently is only to be determined by conjecture or deductions, and for it the catalogue must be consulted, the essays with which each class of articles is introduced affording generally to the reader all the information that can be gleaned on the subject.

The value of such a museum as that of the Royal Irish Academy is obvious to any educated person. We do not envy those Irishmen who would fail to appreciate it either their good taste or their sentiments of nationality. Many of the objects here exhibited may boast of an antiquity far beyond the range of history in this or the other countries of northern Europe; and their utility to the historian in illustrating the social state of this nation in those remote ages, is not less than the interest which they must derive from their extraordinary age in the eyes of the mere lover of curiosities.

"It must be borne in mind," observes Dr. Wilde, in one of his preliminary observations, "that there is a long period in Irish history undescribed by any annalist, in which the rath, the cromlech, and the stone sculptured monuments, the terra-cotta urn, the golden ornament, the flint, stone, and bone weapons, and tools, and the early copper and bronze articles of the same class, were common—but of which no historian has made mention. Of this pagan period there is no written history, and it is only by a careful study of the still existing monuments throughout the land, and of the articles in a collection, such as that of the academy, and by comparing them with kindred objects in other countries, that we can form any conjecture as to the social state of Ireland during the Druidic or pre-Christian period. It is not too great a stretch of imagination to suppose that, as our early annalists were Christians and ecclesiastics, they left unrecorded all notice of the religion that it was their object to obliterate, and all records of the habits of a people among whom they were missionaries; merely preserving the genealogies of kings, with notices of the battles, eclipses, plagues, etc., derived from the bards that supplied them with their only means of information."

We know that it may be urged against this assertion, that although our earliest written annals are not of the pagan epoch, they represent traditions, written or oral, which are of that date; and moreover that they do afford pictures of society which may consequently be taken as of pre-Christian authority; but accepting the less enthusiastic view put forward by our author, the interest of our antiquarian collection is not diminished, while its utility is enhanced.

Dr. Wilde's introductions to the several classes and subdivisions abound with curious and interesting information. A few extracts will serve as evidence of the research and labour he has bestowed on the work,

and will convey information new to the greater number of our readers.

In introducing the class of animal materials, Dr. Wilde gives us the following exceedingly interesting particulars in ancient Irish zoology:—

"Of the ancient fauna of Ireland, we as yet possess but imperfect knowledge. Among the larger carnivora was the bear, in Irish *mathghamhain*, probably the brown bear of Northern Europe, and which existed in Scotland until the year 1057; although said to be remembered traditionally, we have no historic reference made to it in any of our records. The majority of the bears' skulls discovered in Ireland, show that the animal was of rather a small size, although the great cave bear co-existed here with the mammoth. The wolf, called in Irish *cú allaidh*, or the wild hound, and occasionally styled in the manuscripts *mac tìre*, or the son of the soil (*filius terra*), remained among our highland woods and caverns, until the beginning of the last century. The ancient dog, or *cú*, usually called the Irish grey hound, and believed to have been employed in chasing the deer, or exterminating the wolf, may be said to have passed from amongst us. The fox, *sinnach*, or *madradh ruadh*, the red dog; the badger, *broc*; the otter, *dobhar chú*, or water hound; the martin, or tree dog, *madradh crainn*; the stoat or weasel, *blánait*, or *eanóg*; and the wild and domestic cat, *cat garman*, include nearly all the carnivora of Ireland in early times. To this list may be added the seal, or *rón*, which abounds upon our coasts. Of the deer tribe, our gigantic Irish elk, the *cervus megaceros*, was the noblest animal of its class, of which we have any remains, but whether it co-existed with man is a mooted question. We have no Irish name for this extinct animal. That a small and probably degenerated variety existed with the human race in Ireland, may be assumed from the circumstance of the remains of one being found in peat overlying the clay; and others possibly may have been discovered in similar situations. The red deer, *fiadh ruadh*, was evidently the animal of this class that abounded most in Ireland, and was the chief object of the chase. Other varieties of the deer kind were, no doubt, to be found in great quantities during the middle ages; but it may be questioned whether they had not been introduced about that time. We had the sheep, *caora*, and the goat, *gabhar*, at a very remote period, the former being many-horned. Oxen, *dainh*, were undoubtedly to be found in the greatest abundance, and of the finest breed in Ireland, from the earliest period to which our histories refer, and were probably long antecedent to man's occupation of the island. (See the author's paper on the 'ancient and modern races of oxen in Ireland,' in the Proceedings, vol. vii. p. 184.) The horse, *capall*, or *each*, was coexistent with the elephant; and the wild boar, *tore fiadhain*, abounded in our woods up to a comparatively recent period. The hare, called in Irish *gearr-fiadh*, "the short deer," and occasionally *miol-muighe*, or "the animal of the plain," and the rabbit, *coinín*, were also occupiers of Ireland with man at a very early period." (pp. 248, 249.)

A curious substance, well known to the peasantry who reside near some of the Irish bogs, is thus noticed. (p. 267.)

"The substance called bog-butter, or 'mineral tallow,' has been found in the peat in various parts of Ireland, and is supposed to have been buried for safety, as well as to give it a peculiar taste and consistence, which it derived from being converted into a hard yellowish substance like *adipocere*, or old dry Stilton cheese. It is usually found in single-piece wooden vessels, somewhat like mothers or long firkins. It was first noticed as a curiosity in Ireland in 1736, and has also been discovered in the Faro Isles, and in Scotland. It is usually found at a great depth, and in old solid bog, in which it was originally placed, or through

which it sank in lapse of years, after being deposited either for security, or to produce a certain chemical change, and consequent alteration in flavour, and probably in durability."

One specimen of this butter preserved in the Academy was found 15 feet below the surface in Ballyconnell bog, county of Donegal; and another in the county of Kilkenny, 18 feet under the surface of the bog. Referring to the textile fabrics of the ancient Irish, Dr. Wilde writes (p. 295):

"Our histories are silent with respect to the manufacture of animal material in very early times, and the precise costume of any class prior to the English invasion has not yet been decided on. From the learned essay of the earl of Charlemont, first president of the Academy, we learn that the woollen manufacture of Ireland was celebrated in the beginning of the 13th century, when it appears to have been an article of commerce; but, long prior to that period, woollen fabrics must have been in general use for native dress. Eventually, we know it attained such celebrity, as to excite the jealousy of neighbouring nations. . . . We possess unmistakable evidence of our native population having adopted particular colours, of which deep yellow (*croch*), styled by the English writers 'saffron,' was the most prominent, and so national that enactments were made to limit the extent of some garments, and to prohibit altogether the adoption of others dyed this colour. The Four Masters, and also the Clonmacnoise annalists, attributed the art of dying party-coloured clothes, (the latter say purple, blue, and green,) to king Tighearnmas, whose reign extended from A.M. 3580 to 3656. And in the first of these authorities it is stated, under the year of the world 3664, that his immediate successor, king Eochaidh was surnamed *Eadghadhach*, 'because it was by him the variety of colour was first put on clothes (no doubt woollen) in Ireland, to distinguish the honour of each by his garment, from the lowest to the highest.' . . . That there was a *tortan* or plaid, like that used by the Highlanders of Scotland, there is undoubted proof in the remains of costume preserved in this collection. It appears to have been black and yellow, or 'saffron colour,' and probably each clan possessed a characteristic colour, and a plaid, as well as a special dress. All these have now, however, merged into the colour of the frieze worn in particular districts, such as the dark-brown of Galway and Mayo; the light-blue of Sligo; the silver grey of Longford; the light-drab of Meath, Dublin, and Louth; and the blue-gray, or powder-blue, of Kerry, &c."

The author then proceeds to deduce a notion of the ancient Irish costume from some of the old illuminated MSS., and especially from the book of Kells, a Latin vellum MS. of the Gospels, said to be as old as the sixth century, from some of the figures, in which he concludes that

"The lower limbs were clad in tight-fitting garments, generally blue, that reached a little below the knee, like the modern breeches; the legs and feet were naked—the braccæ or chequered pantaloons not being then the fashion—and the body was covered with a tight tunic, with sleeves reaching as far as the wrist. The cloak however, was the chief and most highly-decorated garment. It is also manifest that the costume of the Irish was, at that period, both picturesque in shape, and highly coloured."

The sequel of the dissertation on early Irish costume is highly interesting, the subject being satisfactorily illustrated by references to the ancient sculptured crosses and other monuments, to the descriptions found in old Irish MSS., and in the work of Giraldus Cambrensis; to Froissart; to the Knockmoy fresco, etc.; several woodcuts being introduced to aid the descriptions in the text.

In the introduction to the Class of Metallic Materials, we have an interesting summary of the information that has been gleaned from our ancient MS. authorities on the early employment of metals by our ancestors; and from these it would appear certain that metals were applied to the arts in Ireland by the Tuatha de Danann colonists.

"There are," observes Dr. Wilde, "divers indications in the oldest annals of the application of metals to the arts, where we read of Credne the artificer, who constructed the silver hand of Nuada Airgeat-Lamh, the hero of the battle of Moytura; of Goibhnen, the smith, over whose wife the great sepulchral monument at Drogheda was erected; of Diancecht, the Irish Esculapius; and, in somewhat later times, of the Gobhan Saer, the great primeval Christian builder, to whom is traditionally attributed the erection of several of our ancient stone structures." (p. 353)

The catalogue has already reached the extent of about 650 pages; the first part being illustrated with 159 woodcuts, and the second with 377, all beautifully engraved from drawings made by Mr. Du Noyer and Mr. Wakeman. In a word, the work, when finished, will form a complete and invaluable repertory of information on the subject of Irish antiquities, and place not only the academy but the literary world at large under a lasting debt of gratitude to the learned, indefatigable, and public-spirited compiler, Dr. Wilde.

MENANA.*

WITH a mixture of pleasure and surprise we found, on perusing the narrative poem before us, that it was a poetic version of Chateaubriand's chef-d'œuvre, *Atala*. We know not whether any poet before Mr. Kelly has attempted to render this glowing tale into English verse, but we are sure that few could have done so more successfully. Mr. Kelly's versification is smooth and graceful, while his diction is rich and elegant, adapting itself without restraint to the loftiest description as well as to the simplest dialogue, and expressing much warmth of sentiment with the utmost delicacy. It is needless to give the reader an outline of *Menana*, resembling, as the story does so closely, a work familiar as household words; and we shall resist the temptation of showing, by parallel passages, how well Mr. Kelly has preserved the poetical imagery of Chateaubriand. There are some points, however, in which he has deviated—and, in one, we think, most judiciously done so—from the plot of the French tale. Chateaubriand causes *Atala*, in the phrensy of despair, to poison herself, thereby taking from the moral of the story; but Mr. Kelly, with the most commendable taste, subdues the anguish of *Menana* by the aid of religion, and represents her as casting from her the fatal poison, by which she might be tempted, and then dying from the effect of grief and toil long endured.

* *Menana*, a Romance of the Red Indians, in Ten Cantos. By T. W. KELLY, Author of *Myrtle Leaves*, &c.